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CONTENTS.

I. THE RUSSIANS, THE TURKS, AND THE BULGARIANS. At the Theatre of War, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	643
II. ERICA. Part IV. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . .	<i>Frau von Ingersleben</i> , . . .	656
III. M. THIERS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY AN ENGLISH PENCIL, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	664
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XL, . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar</i> , . . .	688
V. BUDDHIST SCHOOLS IN BURMAH. By the Director of Public Instruction in British Burmah, . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	692
VI. DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray. Part III., . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . .	699
VII. THE MOTION OF "CIRRUS" CLOUDS, . . .	<i>Academy</i> , . . .	704

POETRY.

SUNFLOWERS,	642	BEFORE THE WINTER,	642
ADRIET,	642		

MISCELLANY,	704
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SUNFLOWERS.

THEY blossom brightly, straight and tall,
Against the mossy garden wall,
Beneath the poplar-trees;
The sunbeams kiss each golden face,
Their green leaves wave with airy grace,
In fresh September's breeze.

On one fair disc of gold and brown,
A purple butterfly lights down;
A sister-blossom yields
Her honey store, content to be
A late provider for the bee,
Flown here from clover fields.

Each dawning day, when climbs the sun,
And steadfast till his course is run,
These royal blossoms raise
Their grand, wide-opened, golden eyes,
To watch his journey through the skies,
Undaunted by his blaze.

The butterfly may sleep or soar,
The bee may steal their honey store,
But still the flowers gaze on,
With burning looks of changeless love,
Toward the day-god, high above,
Until the day is gone.

Fair maid beside the garden wall!
Thy lithe form copies, straight and tall,
The sunflower's stately grace:
The golden tresses of thine hair,
Like sunflower-rays do weave a fair
Bright halo round thy face.

And through their shadows looking down,
We find thine eyes of softest brown
Like sunflowercentres are;
We watch thee standing in the bloom,
The God-given sunflower of our home,
Yet meek as evening's star!

Ah, watching thus, high thoughts arise,
Deep thoughts, that fill our time-worn eyes
With fearful, hopeful tears.
God give thee sunshine on thy way!
God crown thy happy summer day
With peaceful autumn years!

In due time coming, on thy breast
Love's purple butterfly may rest,
And nestle close to thee;
And ere thy summer-time is o'er,
Thy sweetness may yield honey store,
For life's brown working-bee.

But evermore, though love should come
And fold his pinions in thine home,
Lift thy calm gaze above!
Mark thou the sunflower's constant eye,
And follow through life's changing sky,
The sun of faith and love.

All The Year Round.

ADRIFF.

DRIFT, let it drift; the cords are snapped that
curbed it;
The rigid anchor holds that bark no more;
Th' impatient sails whose fluttering so dis-
turbed it
No longer flap beside the sombre shore.
Out of the haven, 'thwart the roadstead gleam-
ing,
Beyond the far bright offing hath it passed;
Still of some golden goal a-dreaming, dream-
ing,
O'er the wide deep that light bark drifts at
last.

Let it drift on, nor blast nor billow checking;
No whirlpool to engulf, no rock to break;
The sea a mirror smooth for its bedecking,
The sky a blue pavilion for its sake.
On let it drift, the laughing mermaids weaving
Fantastic rings its devious course around;
And the gay syrens mocking its believing
With sweet, delusive ecstasies of sound.

Yet bright skies change; Hope's refluxent tides
run widely,
And Fortune wrecks great wonders with
her wand.
So on some wintry eve, while I am idly
Counting the dusk waves on the sombre
strand,
Haply before me from the offing shaded
A helmless bark shall drift in shattered
state,
Its golden name, "The Mary," blurred and
faded,
Tangle and bitter brine its only freight.
Spectator. J. S. D.

BEFORE THE WINTER.

THE rain is making rings on the river,
And the dead leaves in the black trees shiver;
The desolate sparrows under the shed
Are dreaming of summer and crumbs of bread.

Thin, dirty children play in the gutter;
A row of rogues by the wall-side utter
Their daily curses, and "watch for a job,"
And know they have something to earn or rob.

O the rain, the rain, in cold winter-time!
And the bitter bread that is bought by crime!
The fog and the frost from morning till night,
And no coal to burn or candle to light!

It is coming, coming: summer is dead;
The comfortless clouds are thick over head;
And snow will soon come to whiten the moor,
And the poor will remember that they are poor.
St. James. GUY ROSLYN.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE RUSSIANS, THE TURKS, AND THE BULGARIANS.

AT THE THEATRE OF WAR.

I REGRET that for a few lines at the outset I must be egotistical, in order to explain what claims I have to speak on the subject of which this article treats. During the last five months I have been with Russian soldiers on the march or in the field; during the last three months I have been with them in Bulgaria north of the Balkans. I have been a close spectator of much hard fighting; I have been repeatedly with Cossacks or other cavalry acting as the extreme advance; I have traversed Bulgarian territory and entered Bulgarian villages in advance of any Russian troops. I have lived with, talked with, and dealt with the Bulgarian population, and taken great and persistent pains to ascertain their real condition and true character. I cannot profess to have had much close acquaintance with Turks, although I have taken every opportunity of talking (of course, through an interpreter) with prisoners, and with those who remained behind in the villages and towns, or who returned to their homes subsequently to the Russian occupation. But I have striven to note what they had done and what they had left undone. I have seen their conduct in battle, and their handiwork on the battlefield after the battle was over; I have striven from the aspect and surroundings of their deserted habitations to realize the habit of their lives in the time when as yet no enemy was within their gates. In fine, I may aver that my opportunities for observation have been exceptional, if not indeed unique, and I can further aver, in no spirit of boasting, that I have striven very hard to make the most of my opportunities.

Yet another short paragraph of egotism. I believe that I came to the work as completely a *tabula rasa* in the matter of prejudices, or indeed previous familiarity with the subject, as it is well possible to conceive. My work has always been the work of action; of politics either home or foreign I know shamefully little, and for them I ought to blush to own have cared yet less. Of the Eastern question I had not

made even that extremely perfunctory study which the wide if thin field of leading articles affords. I had indeed repeatedly seen Turks as well as Russians fight in the Servian campaign of the previous year, but it was not difficult to discern that the fighting in Servia was not always "on the square." Having come thus blank to the observation of what has been passing in Bulgaria during the summer and autumn, I have no right to speak now as an arguer, or commentator, or speculator; I can only venture to ask for some recognition simply as a witness, to which character in the following article I shall strive to confine myself. I ask to be regarded as an accurate witness, limiting myself to the sphere of my own personal observation: first, because I do in all humility think that I have some faculty of keen observation; secondly, because I am without any conscious prejudice except in favor of a good fighting man and against maudlin cant. And finally, I would ask to be regarded as an honest witness in virtue of the fact that what I am now doing must be greatly to my own detriment. In obeying the compulsion to fulfil a duty, I must offend many whose good-will I would fain cherish, must let go many friendships which I value very dearly. In virtue of this paper I am resigning the promised honor of a decoration which is given to foreigners with extreme rarity, and never given at all — wherein lies the pride of having it — but for some specific act of conduct on the battle-field.

I. THE RUSSIANS.

THE Russian has so many charming qualities, that there is a sense of ungraciousness in referring to his qualities of another character. He is a delightful comrade, his good-humor is inexhaustible, he puts up with hardships with a light heart, he is humane, has a certain genuine if unobtrusive magnanimity, and never decries an enemy. In the whole course of my experiences I encountered only two boorish and discourteous Russian officers. There can be no greater mistake than that the Russians are a suspicious race. The frank simplicity of the army amounted to a serious military error; spies might have

swarmed unchallenged, and I have no doubt were in truth plentiful. Newspaper correspondents, once received, were accorded a freedom of movement, and were unchecked for a boldness of comment, with a liberal toleration, and often indeed a frank encouragement, unprecedented in the annals of war. There was something magnificent, although it was not quite war, in the open candor of the advice given to correspondents, a week or so in advance, to betake themselves to specified points where interest was likely to develop itself. Generals or staff-officers seldom hesitated to communicate to the inquiring correspondent the details of their dispositions, or to allow, indeed to encourage him, to visit the forepost line. It is to the credit of correspondents with the Russians, many of whom were necessarily inexperienced in the discernment of what might probably be published as against what ought to be withheld, that the responsibility of self-restraint was so generally recognized. The Russian officer has the splendid valor of his nationality; he is no braggart, but does his fighting as a matter of course, and as part of the day's work, when he is bidden to do it. As for the Russian private, I regard him as the finest material for a soldier that the soldier-producing world, so far as I am acquainted with it, affords. He is an extraordinary weight-carrying marcher, tramping on mile after mile with a good heart, with singular freedom from reliance on sustenance, and with a good stomach for immediate fighting at the end of the longest foodless march. He never grumbles; matters must have come to a bad pass indeed, when he lets loose his tongue in adverse comment on his superiors. Inured to privation from his childhood, he is a hard man to starve, and will live on rations, or chance instalments of rations, at which the British barrack-room cur would turn up his nose. His sincere piety according to his narrow lights, his whole-hearted devotion to the czar—which is ingrained into his mental system, not the result of a process of reasoning—and his constitutional courage, combine to bring it about that he faces the casualties of the battle-field with willing, prompt, and long-sustained bravery. He

needs to be led, however; not so much because of the moral encouragement which a gallant leader imparts, but because, his reasoning faculties, for lack of education, being comparatively dormant, he does not know what to do when an unaccustomed or unlooked-for emergency occurs. He is destitute of perception when left to himself. Somebody must do the thinking for him, and impart to him the result of the process in the shape of an order; and then he can be trusted, while physical power lasts, to strive his pithiest to fulfil that order. But if there is nobody in front of him or within sight of him, to undertake the mental part of the work, the Russian soldier gets dazed. Even in his bewilderment, however, he is proof against panic, and we saw him with sore hearts at Plevna, on the 30th of July, standing up to be killed in piteously noble stubbornness of ignorance, rather than retreat without the orders which there were none to give. The Turkish soldier is his master in the intuitive perception of fighting necessities. The former is a born soldier, the latter a brave peasant drilled into a soldier. If the Turk advancing finds himself exposed to a flank attack, he needs no officer to order him to change his front: he grasps the situation for himself; and this is what the Russian soldier has neither intuitive soldierhood nor acquired intelligence to do.

Of the multitudinous "atrocities" on Turkish refugees charged against the Russian soldiery with so great persistent circumstantiality by Turkish authorities and their abettors, I have never found the smallest tittle of evidence, and on soul and conscience believe the allegations thereof to be utterly false. But as I must not speak of mere belief, it behoves me to say that of all events which occurred south of the Balkans I have merely hearsay knowledge. "Atrocities" in plenty were, however, charged against the Russians north of the Balkans, and respecting these I can speak from a wide range of personal experience. The Turks resident in the towns and villages of Bulgaria were peremptorily enjoined by commands from Constantinople to quit their homes and retire before the advancing Russians. In

the great majority of cases they did so, and their evacuation was accomplished before the first Russian reached the vicinage of their abodes. This was so at Sistova, at Batuk, and at many other places where murder and rapine were circumstantially and lyingly averred against the Russian soldiers. The Turks who anywhere chose to remain were unmolested without exception, so far as I know. The orders that they should be so were strictly inculcated on the Russian *éclaireurs*; the Bulgarians were made acquainted with the injunctions of the emperor by the imperial proclamation widely, although surreptitiously, circulated in Bulgaria before the Danube was crossed. To this day you may see the *cadi* of Sistova walking about the town with an air as if he owned it. Gorni Lubnica is a large village not two hours' ride south of the imperial and grand-ducal headquarters in Gorni Studeni. Nearly half its population were Turks, more agricultural than most of their fellows, and of these a considerable number chose to remain in their dwellings and take their chance of the Russians. They were unmolested by the Bulgarian inhabitants and equally by the Russians. They dwell contentedly in their cottages, they have reaped their harvests and thrashed out their grain; you may see them fearlessly sauntering about their lanes, turban on head, none making them afraid. About Poradim, on the Plevna front of the Russians, many Turks remained in their dwellings; they met with no molestation, and are now earning a livelihood by carting to the front projectiles to be hurled against their brethren. It happened that by an accident I entered the town of Bjela in advance of the Russian calvary, and while there still remained on its outskirts some Turkish irregulars. These went; nearly the whole of the civilian Turks had already departed, but there remained behind a few, some living openly, some seeking concealment. In the evening the Russian calvary came in. The Turks who had chosen to stay openly at home were simply visited by an officer and bidden to stay where they were; those in concealment were searched for by the Russian soldiers aided in their investigation by the Bulgarians, when dis-

covered kept under guard all night till the general had seen them, and then liberated, to return to their homes and avocations. The pillage of the subsequent night by Russian infantry stragglers was the only instance of serious indiscipline of which I am cognizant, and it was no pillage of Turks, but a rough miscellaneous sack of property, Bulgarian as well as Turkish, in which no personal injury was inflicted. A number of Bjela Turks who with their families had sought refuge in the woods around, and were suffering much from hardship and exposure, were visited and invited to return by order of the emperor. They reoccupied their habitations, reaped their harvests, and I have seen them walking about the place among the Russians and Bulgarians with the utmost independence of bearing. When the Turkish soldiers in a panic evacuated Tirnova, there remained behind some sixty Turkish families. The Russian force was a flying detachment chiefly of Cossacks. Tirnova swarmed with Bulgarians professing bitter hostility to the Turks, fraternizing warmly in copious *raki* with the Cossacks. Now, if ever, was the train kindled for insult and injury to the Turks at the hands of the Russians, under the temptations of instigation and drink. But by the Russians not a hair of their heads was injured, not a scrap of their property touched. As soon as might be, the officer in command detailed a guard to protect from marauding Bulgarians the section of the Turkish quarter where the population remained, and that guard was maintained till the Russians instituted at Tirnova a civic government. Constantly accompanying Cossacks and other Russian cavalry in reconnaissances on the front of the Rustchuk army, I never noticed even any disposition to be cruel. Where Turks were found they were made prisoners, in virtue of the obvious necessities of warfare; when complained of, the accusations were judicially examined and justice done deliberately according to martial law. I do not aver, remember, that atrocities were not committed on fugitive Turks; but not by the Russians. While the Turks yet remained in their entirety in the mixed villages, the Bulgarians did not dare to meddle with

them. Nor would they venture to interfere with remnants remaining behind from the general exodus, because they knew the terms of the emperor's proclamation, and were afraid to be thus actively vindictive. But reprisals were not to be apprehended from Turks "on the run," encumbered with wives, children, and household substance; there was little danger that any brutality perpetrated on these forlorn fugitives should reach the ears of the Russians; and the Bulgarians in places questionless hardened their hearts, and fell on with bitter, currish venom. But north of the Balkans, at least, Cossack lances and Russian sabres wrought no barbarity on defenceless men, women, and children. The Russian of my experience is instinctively a humane man, with a strong innate sense of the manliness of fair play. The Turkish prisoners I have ever seen well and even considerately treated.

The main causes of the inability of the Russian armies to achieve successes proportionate to the undoubted intrinsic quality of their fighting material are to my thinking three: corruption; favoritism (with its inevitable concomitant and result, intrigue); and general deficiency of a sense of responsibility among the officers all down the roll. Let me devote a separate paragraph to each of these blighting causes.

I tremble to think how high corruption reaches in the Russian army; I shudder to reflect how low it descends. It permeates and vitiates the whole military system. To be venal, so far from not being recognized as a crime, is not so much as regarded as a thing to be ashamed of. Peculation faces the inquirer at every turn; indeed it lies patently, glaringly on the surface. An illustrious personage, high in the army and near the throne, has mines which produce iron. Desiring to sell this iron for military purposes, he, spite of his rank and position, had to accede to the universal usage, and bribe to gain his purpose—a perfectly honest and legitimate purpose. A Vienna contractor comes to intendance headquarters with intent to sell boots to the army. He learns that it is no use to forward his tender direct in a straightforward business way; he must be introduced. He finds the right person to introduce him, and duly arranges with him the terms under which the favor of introduction is to be accorded. The introduction is made, and the contractor displays his samples and states that he is prepared to supply boots of that quality at six roubles a pair. The

answer given him is that his offer will be accepted, but that his invoice must be made out at the rate of seven roubles per pair, although the payment will be at the rate of the tender. The Russian government had an account with the Roumanian railway, whereon the statement of the latter showed the former to be a debtor to the amount of ten million roubles. The Roumanian people pressed for payment, but obviously a preliminary duty was a searching audit. The Russian functionary concerned comes to the director of the railway with a proposition. This proposition is that the audit shall be a merely formal operation, on condition that he, the Russian functionary, shall receive a *douceur* or commission of half a rouble on every thousand roubles, for smoothing the track of an operation which if rigidly, far more if hostilely, carried out, must be arduous and vexatious. Fifty coopeks on each thousand roubles seems a bagatelle, but where ten millions of roubles are concerned, the *dustouri* reaches the pretty penny of nearly a hundred pounds. Scarcely anywhere are the accumulated Russian stores—at Bucharest, at Fatesti, at Simnita, at Sistova, at Braila—protected by shedding from the destructive influences of weather. Why should they be, when it is in the interest of all concerned except the State and the army, that the inevitable result should ensue—the rotting and condemnation of a huge proportion of the accumulated stores? The contractors are paid by a commission on the quantity of material laid down by them in certain specified places; their commission is earned when that work has been accomplished; their commission swells in proportion to the quantities of fresh supplies rendered necessary by the unserviceability of what has already been laid down. Every intendant concerned has a pinch, greater or smaller according to his position, of this commission; it is to the direct general and several interest of the gang that as much weather damage as may be shall occur among the supplies when once laid down. If any man wants proof of the universal system of plunder, he has only to visit Roumania and use his eyes. He will find the restaurants thronged with gentlemen of the twisted shoulder-knots. Their pay is a pittance, and it is in arrears: Jews, Greeks, and Bulgarians, the debris of the mercantile class, they have no private fortunes. But each gallant besworded non-combatant eats of the costliest dishes, and orders sweet champagne in grating French; the *tout ensemble* of him would

not be complete unless his companion were some French or Roumanian beauty, as venal as himself, who is serving him as he is serving Holy Russia. A French correspondent, with a disinclination for going to the front, and a desire to employ his spare time, has been employing himself in collecting and authenticating cases of peculation throughout the Russian army, the record to be published at a safe season when the war is over. The exposure will astonish the world — at least that portion of the world which does not know Russia. In the mean time I venture to assert that every article of consumption or wear supplied to the Russian army costs, by the time it comes into use, more than double what it ought to do under a well-managed and decently honest system. Of other and yet baser corruption — of the little difficulty with which men of whom other things might be expected are to be found willing to be virtual traitors for a consideration, by offering to sell secrets and secret documents — I dare not trust myself to speak. The subject is too grievously melancholy.

Favoritism brings it about that commands are bestowed on men within its ring-fence, with little or no reference to qualifications. The Russian officer does not need merit if he can only attain to "protection." With "protection" a youngster may be a colonel in command of the grizzled veteran of hard campaigns and many decorations, who, destitute of "protection," is still but a first lieutenant. The aim in making appointments at the beginning of this war seems to have been to exclude from active service every man who has ever distinguished himself in a previous command. Todleben has been only sent for now as a last resource. Kauffmann, the conqueror of Khiva, was left behind to chew the cud of his experience. Bariatsky was not withdrawn from the neglected retirement into which he had been suffered to lapse. Kotzebue's experience of command in active service remained unutilized. Tcherniaeff, who with a mass of untrained militia kept the Turks four months at bay, was left for months to cool his heels in Russia, was at length insulted with the offer of the command of a brigade in Asia, and has now finally been ordered back into retirement at the instance of the archduke Michael — jealous of the ovations with which a fine soldier and really capable chief was received on arriving at the former's headquarters. Nepokoitchitzky's claim to be chief of the staff lies simply,

so far as I can gather, in his knowledge of the Danubian valley on the Roumanian side of the river, derived by having served in the force which in 1853-4 scarcely covered itself with glory in fighting against the Turks. At Ploesti he seemed to me to fulfil the rôle of a superior sort of staff sergeant, always walking about with a handful of returns and states. He is a dumb man — and dumb seemingly from not having anything to say. Levitsky, his *sous-chef*, is a young professor, utterly devoid of experience except in the handling in manœuvres of comparatively small bodies of men; pragmatic and arrogant, but with a strong will, which, in conjunction with his incapacity, has been one of the chief factors in the failure hitherto of the Russian army. But he is within the ring-fence of "protection," and holds his ground against the clamors and murmurs of the army. To be within that pale is to be safe, if not from contumely, at least from open disgrace. If there be one thing more certain than another in connection with this war, it is that Prince Schakoffskoy ought to have been tried and broke for insubordination and disobedience of orders at the battle of Plevna of the 30th of July. But he still commands his army corps, and, so far as I know, did not even receive a direct reprimand. In the old days Krüdener would have been sent to Siberia for the unmilitary and insubordinate act of assembling a batch of correspondents, and essaying to vindicate his conduct through them to the world by the publication of the essentially private orders under which he was forced peremptorily to act. But he holds his position in command of a corps, although his immunity may indeed be owing to the fact of his grimly and threateningly holding the telegrams which exonerate him at the expense of others. Schilder-Schuldner, the hero of the utterly "unspeakable" first fiasco at Plevna, still retains the command of the fragment of that brigade which his crass blundering shattered there. General Kriloff, who the other day, entrusted with a mass of Russian cavalry, and charged with the task of blocking the Sofia road, supinely failed to intercept reinforcements and supplies marching on Plevna, enjoys the equivocal credit of an exploit which the English military reader may be excused for regarding as well-nigh impossible. He commanded for a year a cavalry division at Warsaw, during the whole of which time he possessed no charger, although he drew rations, or rather their money, equivalent for six.

Favoritism as inevitably begets intrigue as rottenness engenders maggots. Under an irresponsible absolutism the Absolute must have an almost impossible thoroughness and strength of purpose if favors do not frequently go through caprice and from other motives than the sheer claims of honest desert. So far as I can see, even the recognition of merit in the Russian court and military circle is too often capricious. Young Skobelloff had fought as splendidly on the grey morning when we crossed the Danube and plashed through the mud on its further bank to come to close quarters with the enemy, as on the day when he gained the name of the "hero of Lovca," or on that other later day when he stood master of the three Turkish redoubts on the south-west of Plevna. But whereas on the news of Lovca he was toasted at the imperial board, and whereas the Plevna fighting worthily earned him his lieutenant-generalcy, after the first exploit, when the emperor embraced Dragimiroff and shook hands with Yolchine, he turned his back ostentatiously on Skobelloff, simply because he was out of favor, and had not yet got back into favor by dint of hard fighting. Every Russian circle I have had experience of — the camp, court, the head-quarter staff, the subsidiary staffs, the regiment, the battalion — each is a focus of unworthy intrigue. Men live in superficial amity one with another, while, to use an Americanism, they are "going behind" each other by every underhand means in their power. Young Skobelloff was under a cloud, and Prince — was his enemy. Skobelloff, who is not a courtier, cleft the cloud with the edge of his good sword, and the cloud drifts on to settle above Prince —. General Ignatieff is in high favor, seemingly fixed firmly in his place close to the emperor's right hand, a man of power, influence, and position. The bad fortune of the war goads certain people, on whom the odium lies of that bad fortune, to wrath against the man who had done so much to bring the war about. There is a period of swaying to and fro of the forces of intrigue, and then Ignatieff goes back to Russia to assist his wife in the nursing of her sick sister. The wheel will come full circle again, no doubt, and then that presently afflicted lady will recover. The mischief of this all-pervading intrigue is that it is a distraction of the forces that ought to be concentrated on real and earnest duty. A man cannot concentrate all his energies on aiding in coping with the king's enemies without when he has to spend — or

waste — a share of them in plotting to get the better of a man in the next tent, or to foil the devices of that man to get the better of him. And unfortunately, the man who is the greatest adept in intrigue, and benefits by it in the attainment of a high place, has not always — indeed, as intrigue is demoralizing, it may be said seldom — the qualifications which the high place into which he may have intrigued himself demands.

The deficiency in an adequate sense of responsibility is greatly caused by the evil treated of in the last paragraph. But, indeed, it seems to me that the lack of that thoroughness which a sense of responsibility inspires is innate in the Russian military character, so far as preparation, organization, and system, distinguished from mere fighting, are concerned. The Orientalism of the Russian extraction tends to *laissez-faire* — hinders from the patient, plodding, steady industry of the north-German soldiering man. Nobody holds himself directly charged with the responsibility of the urgent mending of a bridge, and the bridge is not mended. Nobody has it borne in upon him that it is a bounden duty he owes to himself, to his comrades, and to the State, to see that reserves are ready at hand to be used in the nick of time, and an enterprise collapses for want of reserves. A general of division gets an order to send forward into the fight two of his regiments. His luncheon is spread under yonder tree. A German or an English general would disregard his food, and concentrate himself on the proper execution of the work; his staff-officers would compete with each other in orderly zeal for the successful fulfilment of the order, and crave furthermore for the good luck of being permitted to take a share in the "fun." It is as likely as not — I have witnessed the scene — that the Russian general endorses the order, and passes it on to the brigadier by the messenger who has brought it, while he and his *fainéant* staff-officers, who have been sitting supinely about when they ought to have been in the saddle, seek the grateful shade of the tree and the contented enjoyment of the refection. Coming down from the Shipka Pass while the fate of the fighting there hung in the scales, I was sent for by the commander-in-chief to give a narrative of what I had seen. The circumstance vividly impressed me, that with the exception of Monseigneur himself, nobody appeared to feel that the general staff, and he himself as a member of it, had intense, engrossing,

overwhelming concern with the issue of that terrible combat. The subject was discussed with vivacious interest—indeed, with curiosity, with more or less of intelligence; but very much in the tone in which it might have been discussed by a coterie in the Army and Navy Club. With the exception indicated, there was no recognition or apparent realization of responsibility. I left the kibitka with the curious sense that I, the stranger and the foreigner, was, save one, the man who felt the most concern in the episode and the result. Except as regards the actual fighting, there is a strange, inappropriate dilettantism about the soldiering of the officerhood of the Russian army. There is a disregard of the grand military fact that if success is to be achieved, every man, each in his place, must put his hand to the work as if he were working for his own hand—ay, for his own honor and his own life.

One word as to the emperor. I would have it to be understood that no word I have written can apply to him. His position, in proportion to the fulness with which his character is recognized, must move to the sincerest respect and the deepest sympathy. He is a true patriot, earnestly striving for the welfare of his country. But he toils amid obstacles, he struggles in the heart of gathered and incruited impediments, the perception of which on his part must, it seems to me, kindle wrath which is unavailable, bring about misgivings which must awfully perturb, induce a despair which must strike to the very heart. He is not answerable for the growing up of the false system which strikes at the vitals of the Russian army, but he cannot but recognize the blighting curse of it. He is not the Hercules to cleanse the huge Augean stable; but he knows, and in this hour of terrible trial must revolt from the foulness of it with a disgust that is all the more loathing because it is impotent. I sincerely believe that the emperor is the Russian who in all unselfishness suffers the direst pangs of anguish under a Russian disaster.

II. THE TURKS.

THE Turks have blundered greatly in the management of their military affairs, but two mistakes of theirs were of such exceptional magnitude, that they loom high above minor errors. The Turks are barbarians, pure and simple. They have neither part nor lot in civilization: their religion and its injunctions, their origin, the area of their empire, their conserva-

tism, bar them out from membership in the European family circle. It may be and has been contended that this being so, Europe is no place for them; but with this phase of the subject, involving as it does argument, I have no concern. I would merely remark that when it shall have been conclusively proved that they are out of place in Europe, there remains the physical task of acting on the conclusion; and that task, to the lot of whomsoever it may fall, does not quite bear the aspect of a holiday undertaking. Meanwhile they are barbarians, and they are in Europe. As barbarians and as non-aggressives, it would have been quite consistent for them this spring to hold some such language as the following to all whom it might concern: "We do not want to go to war, but if any power thinks proper to assail us, we give due forewarning that we are barbarians, and will defend ourselves by barbarian tactics. Our religion enjoins on us the ruthless slaughter of the infidel. If we are assailed we give fair warning that we will neither ask nor give quarter; that we will, *more nostro*, torture, chop, hack, and mutilate our wounded enemies, encumber ourselves with no prisoners, despise such finicalities as flags of truce; our battle-cry will be *deen* to the Giaour. You are entitled to know this, because the knowledge may be a factor among the considerations which affect your final resolution. If after this intimation you are still bent on assailing us, why, then, come on and see how you like it." This intimation the Turks did not make, but they have consistently acted according to its literal terms. I have myself seen great clumps of mutilated Russian dead on battle-fields. I have watched, without the need of a glass, the Bashi-Bazouks swarming out after an unsuccessful attack on the part of the Russians, and administering the *coup de grâce* with fell alacrity, under the eyes of the regulars in the sheltered trenches. This style of fighting is working its inevitable result on the Russian soldier, who hesitates to face this grim additional casualty of the battle-field, and it is no improbable supposition that the candid premonition of it would have weighed with the Russian authorities on whom would have vested the responsibility of making war in the face of it. But the Turks have tried to blow hot and cold—to profit by their barbarism, and plough with the heifer of civilization. While slaying and sparing not, they have addressed whining, and it may be added lying, appeals to Europe, invoking the enactments

of the Geneva Convention, which they themselves set at naught. Wielding the axe and chopper of ruthless savages, they have acted like a pack of querulous and mendacious old women, in cackling to Europe their trumped-up allegations of violations of civilized warfare on the part of their enemies. They have thus sacrificed the sternly intelligible consistency of an attitude of persistent indomitable barbarism, and have admitted the jurisdiction of a court from whose bar it should have been their policy to stand aloof. This has been one capital error on their part: an error which may cost them infinitely dearer than defiant contumacy would have done.

Their second cardinal error comes within the pale of civilized warfare. Not having chosen to resist in force the Russian crossing of the Danube, and having elected to fall back before the invaders of Bulgaria, it was on the part of the Turks a grave military omission that they did not lay waste the territory which they left open to that invader's occupation. Had the territory been exclusively inhabited by their own people, it would have been none the less a military duty to have destroyed the crops, burnt the villages to the last cottage, and left only desolation behind them. It might have been that some fanatic philanthropists might have clamored over the inhumanity of this line of action; but sensible people would have sorrowfully recognized it as one of the stern necessities of ever-cruel war. The Russians could have uttered no reproach, with the precedent in their own history wrought by Kutusoff, Barclay de Tolly, and Rastapchin. If precedents are wanted of a later date, the American civil war—a war between brethren—swarms with them. If the Turks should have obeyed the demands of a military necessity, had the civilian population been mainly their own people, how much less incumbent on them was it to admit deterrent humanitarian considerations as the case stood! The whole Turkish population was ordered back by a command from Constantinople: there remained only Bulgarians, coreligionists of the invader, notoriously sympathizers with his aims, notoriously disaffected to Turkish rule, sure to become guides, spies, hewers of wood and drawers of water to their "deliverers," willing vendors to these of their substance. To leave behind, instead of reeking desolation, a land flowing with milk and honey, a land swarming with unmolested friends to the invader, was a piece of military lunacy almost un-

paralleled. The Turks should have driven the Bulgarian population inland before them to the last man, and left extant not a sheaf of barley that could have been destroyed. That they did not do so was the second of the two glaring mistakes I have indicated. When the defects of the Russian supply system are taken into consideration, there is no need to waste space in detailing the certainty, or in speculating on the probabilities, with which desolating tactics were pregnant.

It is no task of mine to inquire why the Turks did not pursue these tactics. It may be said that they did not because of their crassness, their hurry, their carelessness, their lack of military foresight; why suggest further reasons? But the outcome, as a hard fact, stands that the Bulgarian population, left behind unmolested when the Turks fell back, were spared unheard-of suffering. They were in fact left in full enjoyment of their prosperity, it might be forever, certainly for an indefinite period. I want to know, if the Turks choose to assert that they thus sacrificed themselves and spared the Bulgarians from motives exclusively of pure humanity, on what valid grounds is any one to contradict them? If I find my way into a cellar full of untold gold, and am found coming out with empty pockets, am I not, even were I by habit and repute a thief, entitled to claim that my honesty deterred me from plunder? I have said that the Turks are barbarians, and that they are ruthless savages when their fighting blood is up; but there is no inconsistency between this attribute and the attribute of contemptuous good-natured humanity, or rather perhaps tolerant unaggressiveness, when nothing has occurred to stir the pulse of the savage spirit. And I sincerely believe, on the evidence of my own eyes and ears, that the Turks—the dominant race in virtue of those characteristics which, until the millennium, will ever continue to insure the dominance of a race—allowed the Bulgarians—the subject race in virtue of those characteristics which, while they exist, will always make a race subject to some one or other—to have by no means a bad time of it. Proof of this belief I will adduce in detail when I come to deal with the Bulgarians. But just cast a hasty glance at the conduct of the barbarian Turks during the past two years. The period opens with the Bulgarians, subject indeed to the Turks, taxed, no doubt, heavily and arbitrarily, annoyed occasionally by a zaptieh who must have been nearly as bad as the omnipotent "agent"

on the estate of an Irish absentee landlord, bound to dismount when encountering a Turk on the road, just as a rural inferior at home is virtually bound to touch his hat to his local superior; but withal prospering nightly. The recently imported Circassians are a thorn in their flesh, against whom they have to put up iron bars and keep numerous fierce dogs, precautions which do not always avail; but the Circassian nuisance may be "squared" by judicious occasional presents of poultry and farm produce to the moullah of the district. The Bulgarian population, it is true, are debarred from aspiring to any, even the meanest public function, not even having the distinguished privilege, so much prized by the business Englishman, of being summoned on a jury when private avocations are exceptionally engrossing. To judge by the manner in which the Bulgarian civic functionaries appointed by Prince Tcherkasky are presently fulfilling their duties, from the municipal councillor who is making haste to be rich by pillaging alike casual Russian and resident countryman, to the street policeman of Tirnova or Gabrova, who, clothed in a little brief authority, whacks about him indiscriminately with his ratan, it may be questioned whether the general progress of the world was seriously retarded by the enforced abstention of the Bulgarians from a share in the management of public affairs.

It was no doubt a sad thing that the stalwart manhood of the Bulgarians was debarred from proving in the defence of the country that it had a heart in keeping with its thews and sinews, although circumstances may inspire a doubt whether the iron of this prohibition ate deeply into the Bulgarian heart. The country was badly governed, or rather in effect it was hardly governed at all, and this is exactly the state of things in which the astute man who knows the trick of buying protection is sure to get on by no means badly. I do not mean to say that it was all smooth and pleasant for the Bulgarians, or indeed for any of the races of which the population of Turkey in Europe is made up; but their lot, from all I have been able to learn, was tolerable enough. It seems to have been a lot for which the practical British philanthropist would gladly see a considerable section of his fellow country-people exchange their own wretched, sodden, hopeless plight. The life of the Bulgarian was eminently preferable to that of the miserable victims of the "sweater" who exist rather than live in

Whitechapel garrets. I think Devonshire Giles, with his nine shillings a week and a few mugs of cider, would cheerfully have put up with the zaptieh, exclusion from a share in the management of public affairs — although his home share of that privilege is so large and so highly prized — and would have even been resigned under the dispensation of debarment from military service, for the sake of the rich acres of pasture and barley land, the cattle and brood mares of the rural Bulgarian. I know that the Russian peasant soldier who has crossed the Danube as the "deliverer" of the Bulgarian from "oppression," feels with a stolid, bewildered envy that, to use a slang phrase, he would be glad indeed "to have half his complaint."

The times, no doubt, had a certain roughness, and occasionally there were Bulgarians who could not accept the roughs with the smooths, and who kicked against the pricks. There have been Irishmen who have manifested active discontent with the rule of the "hated Saxon," and who have been made to suffer for their peculiar way of looking at things. The discontented Bulgarians sometimes were sent to prison, but mostly escaped into neutral territory without undergoing this infliction; and wherever they found themselves — in Bucharest, in Galatz, up among the hills at Cronstadt, or down in the flat at Crajovo or Turn Severin — there they sedulously plotted against the Turkish dominance over the Bulgaria from which they were exiles. I suppose they had a perfect right to do this, and to strive to implicate in their plots their brethren who still remained "oppressed," if prosperous: only the man who plots and the man who joins a plot must, like the man who speculates, be prepared to take the consequences of failure.

As for the argument that the Turks were new-comers and have no abiding places in European Turkey, but that their tenure there is but the empire of superior power — if that is to be admitted and acted on, there logically follows a revolution in the face of the world, and all but universal chaos. We must quit India, and bid an apologetic adieu to the Maori, the Kaffir, and the Hottentot, the Spaniard from whom we wrested Gibraltar, the Dutchman from whom we masterfully took the Cape. We are to take ship from the jetties over which frown the Heights of Abraham, and leave the French *habitants* and the remnant of red men left at Cachnawaga to settle between them the ownership of Canada East. Poland must

revolt against Austria, Prussia, Russia; the Tartars of the Crimea are to make a struggle for independence; the Irish are to drive forth the Saxon viceroy and his myrmidons at the point of the shillelagh; the Austro-Hungarian empire shall blaze into a chaotic conflagration, in which "furious Frank and fiery Hun," Serb, Magyar, Croat, and Teuton shall seethe confusedly.

The Bulgarians who abode at home, ignoring their substantial prosperity, and stimulated by their grudge against the Turk by reason of his masterfulness and his religion, tempted further by encouragement that came to them from Russian sources in Constantinople, listened to the voice of their exiled countrymen persuading them to insurrection. Persistent efforts have been made to minimize the radius and importance of the organization of that uprising, which collapsed so futilely and for which the penalty was so tragic. But these efforts can avail nothing before hard facts. When Tcherniaeff was in England last winter, he detailed to me the widespread ramifications of the organization for the revolt all over Bulgaria, north as well as south of the Balkans, of which documentary evidence and fullest verbal assurances were furnished to him by the various committees outside Bulgaria, as he passed through the south of Russia and Roumania on his way to Servia. I could name several gentlemen with whom Tcherniaeff, during the same visit, entered into the fullest particularity of details on this subject. It was by reason of the assurances of support and co-operation on which his knowledge of this organization entitled him to rely, that he dared to violate strict military considerations, and struck across the frontier into Bulgaria as soon as Servia had declared war. We know how feeble and patchy was the rising of the Bulgarians in reality, but that was owing not to the scanty area of the organization, but to the unpracticality of the conspirators and the faint-heartedness of the instruments. There was no outbreak at all north of the Balkans, but do not let it be supposed therefore that there was no organization for revolt. At Poradim, just before the July battle of Plevna, I, in company with a Russian staff-officer of high position, fell in with a Bulgarian who, now a thriving villager there, had during the previous year been the agent in Plevna of the American Book Society. Six years previously he had been imprisoned for active disaffection, but had regained his liberty

by bribery. He had been the head centre of the insurrectionary organization in and around Plevna in 1875-6. He showed us the lists of memberships and of subscriptions — the latter not particularly reckless in their liberality. Everything had been prearranged, but when the time came there was not even a "cabbage garden" rising. The conspirators realized that the theory and practice of insurrection were two very different things, and remained content with the former luxury. The "head centre" had thought it prudent to relegate himself to village life, and to make a friend of the local moullah through the medium of presents of poultry.

The Bulgarian risings, then, such as they were, occurred. The Turks probably were unacquainted with the extent of the organization, but we must assume that they at least knew something. For the rest, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. They had their hands full already. Montenegro and the Herzegovine were harassing them sorely; Servia was getting ready for war with all the energy of which she was capable. Other insurrections threatened in other regions of the great incongruous empire. This one at least was in the hollow of their hand; it must be crushed, stamped out, annihilated. The barbarian had got his provocation, and the savage strain in his blood went aboil. We all know what happened in the hapless regions where afterwards Mr. MacGahan wrote and Lady Strangford worked. It can be the task surely of no decent man to be the apologist of the Turkish wild beasts who ravaged and ravished in those fell days. But, on the other hand, indignation is misplaced against wild beasts, who simply do what "'tis their nature to" when provocation kindles the savage "streak" in their nature. What is the use? It is folly to feel wroth with the elephant who goes "must" and pulverizes his mahout. He is "must," and there is an end of it.*

* Nor can the barbarians, on whom rests the responsibility of the horrors of Batak and Prestovica, urge in extenuation that the history of races claiming the graces of civilization can afford them some instances which, in some sense, they can cite as precedents. It is a calumny that a modern Galgacus might have said of the men restoring quietude to the north of Scotland under the personal superintendence of Duke William of Cumberland, malignantly styled the Butcher, "*Sequitur faciem, pacem appellant*." It is the most baseless chimera that a British general still alive commanded with a suave "Ah, exactly, a thousand thanks!" that a batch of "niggers" should be blown from the mouths of British cannon, whom two words of inquiry would have proved to be performing menial service to his own column, or that British lancers in the same campaign could boast of having three women spitted on their lances at the same time. Pelissier, alias Le Roy, was one of the mildest of men, and

But the Turkish barbarities, like the Bulgarian actual risings, were localized. Perhaps the Turks were ignorant of the north-Balkan complicity; perhaps they ignored it; perhaps, seeing it had come to nothing, they gave no heed to it at all. Be that as it may, in all my wayfarings, from the Lom near to the Vid, from the Danube to the Balkans, I could neither hear of nor find human being who had suffered because of the business of last year; and I am sure I inquired sedulously enough. I found no man scored with yataghan slashes, no woman with a story of outrage, which from my later experiences I believe she would have been frank enough with if she had cause to speak. Last year's straw-stack stands in the farmyard of every Bulgarian cottager; the color of its thatch proves that his habitation is not an erection of yesterday. The two-year colt trots on the lea along with the dam and the foal. His buffaloes are mature in their ugliness; his wife's white-metal water-pails are pitted with the dints of years. And if the belongings of the rural Bulgarian furnish testimony to the hitherto stable security of his way of life, not less do the surroundings of the townspeople prove their abiding conviction of non-molestation. Of the vines whose leaves and tendrils spread with verdant green shade over the garden arbors of Sistova, and whose fruit clusters dangle on the brown fronts of Drenova's old oaken houses, the gnarled stems are as thick as my wrist. Pretty Maritza of Tirnova shows you proudly her blooming balsams, and tells you how she took the trouble to bespeak the seed a year in advance from a famous balsam-cultivator across the Balkans in Kesanlik. It is to be doubted now whether he will ever grow balsams more. Her mother displays the yet remaining large stock of her last autumn's preservings. And, by the way, it was of this same mother that the tale was written to England how the pasha had informed her he would hang her, and indeed had even fixed the day for the operation, on the charge of concealing some obnoxious personage. I was given to understand, indeed, that some unpleasant communications had passed between the

pasha and the good lady, but how much, or little, she was perturbed thereby, may be gathered from the fact that she did not desist from her placid preparation of paprika paste — no, not on the very day named or reported to have been named for disqualifying her from the further enjoyment of that dainty.

The Turkish soldiers, when the Russians made good their footing on the southern bank of the Danube, evacuated Sistova without so much as breaking a twig on the front of a Bulgarian house. Their civilian brethren had already departed with like unanimity of harmlessness. The disorganized bands of soldiers fell back through the rural villages without so much as filching a Bulgarian goose or requisitioning a Bulgarian egg. A Turkish army abode for days around Bjela, and finally departed, its rearguard consisting of irregulars, without a jot of injury wrought on the townfolk or their property. All along the Turkish retreat from the Jantra to the Lom, the Bulgarian experienced the same immunity. The Turkish inhabitants quitted, and the Turkish troops ran away from Tirnova without a blow or a robbery. It may, in fine, be said that the Turks departed absolutely harmlessly out of the territory from the Danube to the Balkans, of which the Russians stood possessed when their area of occupation was largest. How the Bulgarians requited this forbearance — or immunity, if the other word seems to ask too much — will have to be told later.

As the Russians have drawn in from the outskirts of that area, and the Turks have occupied the vacated territory, the immunity has ceased. It is not given to barbarians to accept with Christian resignation, or civilized phlegm, the spectacle of their dwellings wantonly razed, their crops stolen and sold, their little garden patches obliterated. They know that the miseries they find unaccountably remaining in the villages, deprived of Russian protection, were the culprits. They know that these welcomed the enemy of the Turk, acted as his guides, served him as spies, and found in him a customer for the Turkish crops. They know that these hung on the rear of the hapless retreating Turkish villagers in July, and slew them ruthlessly — men, women, and children — when the safe chance offered. So the "unspeakable" Turk lets the rough edge of his barbarism come uppermost again, and perpetrates atrocities — inflicts reprisals? Bah! what matters it about a form of words?

the insurgent Arabs, who died in the caverns of Dahra, perished from accidental asphyxiation. It is a ridiculous untruth that the military policy of the United States of America, as regards the Red Indian, is that of deliberate extermination. In the annals of Poland, 1831 is a halcyon year, and as for Mouravieff, he was soft-hearted to a fault.

III. THE BULGARIANS.

I HAVE found it impossible to avoid saying a good deal of the Bulgarians when writing under the preceding heading, and so much are the two subjects intermingled that in writing under the present heading I cannot hope wholly to exclude reference to the Turks. It must be understood that as I have never been across the Balkans, my observations in the character of a witness must be held as applying exclusively to the Bulgarians between that range and the Danube within the region of the Russian occupation. Nor must it be forgotten that this country is Bulgaria proper, where the Bulgarian race is purest: the Roumelian Bulgarians are affected, whether for good or evil, by a considerable miscellaneous intermixture of other races.

An outspoken Russian of my acquaintance, after a large campaigning experience of them, gave it as his belief regarding the north-Balkan Bulgarians that they must either be the result of a temporary lapse in the creative vigilance, or that they must be accepted as a refutation of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. My Russian friend had doubtless good cause of disgust for the Bulgarians, but I venture to regard his expressions as rather too strong. My experience of the Bulgarians, indeed, is that they have fewer of the attributes calculated to kindle sympathetic regard and beget genial interest than any other race of whose character I have had opportunities of judging. But they have some good points, more especially the rural Bulgarians. They have prospered by reason of sedulous industry practised to some extent at least under arduous conditions, and this is an unquestionable merit. Their prosperity has indeed been used as an argument why the Turks, whose bent is far from being so keenly towards industry, and who accordingly do not display evidences of so great material prosperity, should therefore cease to be the master people. It is not for me to combat this or any other argument, but I may venture to suggest that if a maximum of prosperity is to be regarded as the criterion, we Britons must retire *en masse* into private life in favor of the Jewish element in our midst. It tells doubtless in favor of the Bulgarian that he is in name a Christian; although his "evidences of Christianity," so far as I have cognizance of them, consist chiefly in his piously crossing himself in starting to drive a vehicle for the hire of which he has charged double a liberally reasonable sum, after

having profusely invoked the name of the Saviour to corroborate his asseverations that the price he asks is ruinously low. He cannot be denied a certain candor, which sometimes has a cynical flavor in it, as when he coolly tells a Russian, who in the character of his "deliverer" is remonstrating against his withholding of supplies or his extortionate charges for them, that "the Turk was good enough for him, and that he didn't want deliverance." The Bulgarian is singularly adaptive. He realized his "deliverance" with extreme promptitude of perception, resulting in bumptious arrogance. He drove his ox-cart with nonchalant obstinacy in the only practicable rut, and grinned affably when your carriage-springs were broken in scrambling out of it to pass him. In the towns he held the crown of the causeway; in the country regions near the forepost lines he sees it to be expedient to pursue the career of a double spy and a double traitor.

In the preceding section I have spoken at length of his material prosperity prior to the arrival of the "deliverers." The two races — Turk and Bulgarian — dwelt apart; and the Bulgarian, as he drove his wainload of bearded wheat, or his herd of plump cattle and fertile brood mares down the slope to his white cottage among its cornstacks bowered among the trees by the fountain, must often have smiled grimly as his eye caught the barer farmyards and the scantier comfort of the Turkish quarter, and the ramshackle hovels among the scrappy tobacco-plots of the Circassian squatters on or beyond the outskirts of the village. The Bulgarian kept the village shop, and the Turk, when he came for his necessities, had to sniff the hated odor of pork sausages. The village swarmed with Christian pigs, free to roam into the Turkish quarter till chevied by Moslem dogs. If in the towns and large villages the Bulgarian ear had to put up with the call of the muezzin from the minaret of a mosque, the Osmanli were fain to tolerate the clangor of the bells from the glittering towers of floridly ornate Christian churches. For every mosque in Bulgaria there are at least three churches. Draw near to Sistova from what direction you will, the sparkle of the metallic covering of the towers of churches, imposing in all the showy garishness of Byzantine architecture, first meets the eye. From the Russian batteries on the blood-stained height of Radisovo you discern where lies Plevna nestling among the foliage, not by the slender white minarets, but by the glit-

tering domes and stately spires of her Christian churches.

If ever one race owed a deep obligation to another, the Bulgarians did to the Turks, for the forbearance of the latter in leaving them and theirs unmolested in the evacuation before the advancing Russians in the last days of June and in July. The non-molestation on the part of those "unspeakable" barbarians was as thorough as that on the part of the last remnant of the German army of occupation, which Mantuffel marched from out the gates of Verdun through fertile Lorraine and over the new frontier line bisecting the battle-field of Gravelotte. And how was this forbearance requited — a forbearance that might have gone far to dim the memory of the conventional "four centuries of oppression"? The moment the last Turk was gone from Sistova — not before, for your Bulgarian is not fond of chancing contingencies — the Bulgarians of that town betook themselves to the sack, plunder, and destruction of the dwellings vacated by the Turks. They might have served an apprenticeship with the Circassian, so dexterous and efficient was their handiwork. I have seen few dismaler spectacles than that presented by the Turkish quarter of Sistova when I visited it two days after the crossing. To me, as representing a journal whose good-will the Bulgarians cherished, the Bulgarian *patres conscripti* of Sistova strove to mitigate the disgrace of this wanton outrage. It had been wrought by the scum of the place while as yet order had not succeeded to anarchy — the Cossacks had had a hand in it, which was a lie — the town was ashamed of the outburst of spite, for which nevertheless it was hinted there was some palliation in the "four hundred years of oppression." But stern measures had been taken to arrest any further devastation (there was little left to wreck), a committee had been formed to collect into the care of the authorities all the plunder, penalties had been enacted for its retention, and the effects were to be stored to await the return of the owners, to whom in the mean time — some of them being understood not to have gone far — overtures were to be sent begging their return and assuring them of safety. I went out from among the *patres conscripti*, and, ascending the staircase in the minaret of a mosque which had been wrecked and defiled, saw from the summit Bulgarian youths pursuing unchecked the work of wanton destruction on outlying Turkish houses. If the committee was ever formed at all, no results followed.

The plunder remained with the plunderers; nobody was punished.

The conscript fathers of Sistova told me also that, to save Bulgaria's discredit in the eyes of Europe, emissaries would be sent out into the villages and towns, praying their inhabitants to behavior more worthy of civilization than Sistova had been able to compass. If they were sent with such a message, it must have been read backwards by the recipients. In every town and village of Bulgaria whence the Turkish inhabitants have fled, their houses were at once wrecked, the huts of the Circassian burnt to the ground. Colonel Lennox and Lord Melgund must be able to testify with how great order the Turks evacuated Bjela. I can speak to the unharmed state of the place when I entered it while as yet the Turkish irregulars were not out of sight. I can speak also to the zest with which its Bulgarian inhabitants began to wreak their spite on the houses of the Turks as soon as they believed that the presence of Arnoldi's dragoons on the heights above the place deprived the work of any risk. Before the emperor came to Bjela, it took some days to repair or clear away the dilapidations wrought in the Turkish bey's house which he was to inhabit, and after all his Majesty could not but have noticed evidences of the ravage which had been wrought on it. Now this bey was a special favorite of the Bjela Bulgarians. He had effectually kept Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians from molesting them, and they had begged the good man not to go, assuring him that they would tell the Russians how much they owed him. He had to reply that his orders from Constantinople were imperative, and farewells passed with protestations of mutual goodwill. If the bey had thought better of it, and had come back next day, he would have returned to a house wrecked by his well-wishers of the day before. For aught I know, the fittings and timbers of the abandoned Turkish houses of Tirnova still furnish its Bulgarian inhabitants with their supplies of firewood. This was so the last time I was in Tirnova, in the end of August.

It would be interesting to hear Prince Tcherkasky's candid opinion as to the fitness of the Bulgarians for civic self-government. I never had but one occasion to appeal to an official Bulgarian, and the result was not encouraging. I had bought a pony from a Bulgarian citizen of Sistova. As I was not prepared for the moment to take the animal away, I handed to the

vendor, in the presence of witnesses, half the purchase-money, and a trifle to keep the pony well till I should send for it in a couple of days. The transaction occurred in the man's own house; he was no horse-coper, but everything around him indicated that he was a respectable citizen. Two days later I sent my servant for the pony. On his way he met the citizen riding the beast. My servant hailed him, whereupon he immediately wheeled about and galloped off to parts unknown. My servant, and subsequently myself, visited his residence, where his sister, who was his housekeeper, smiled blandly upon us, and declared herself ignorant whither he had gone or when he would return. I made a formal complaint in writing to a Bulgarian official in the police-office indicated as the right man to whom to complain, but never again saw either citizen, pony, or money. The complaint died a natural death.

Let me say a few words of what was virtually the civil war between the Turks and Bulgarians, which fringed the edges of General Gourko's operations across the Balkans. I speak, it is true, from hearsay evidence, but there could be no better nor more direct hearsay evidence. The Bulgarians begged arms of the Russians, and received them; then, hot with the fell memories of last year, and conscious that Russians were with and for them, they fell on the Turks with the most ruthless reprisals. I anticipate with interest the publication of his experiences by Mr. Rose, the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, who accompanied General Gourko's advance, and in whose way fell frequent opportunities of witnessing the conduct of armed Bulgarians. Be it understood I am not blaming them for what they did. I neither praise any one nor blame any one. But this I say, that all the Turks are reported as having done on their reoccupation of the districts, the Turkish grip on which was temporarily let go by reason of Gourko's raid, is on credible evidence not one whit more barbarous than was the conduct of the Bulgarians towards the Turks when Gourko's star was in the ascendant. The barbarian has acted like a savage in his reprisals; the Christian acted equally like a savage in what were virtually his reprisals for what happened a year previously. The one "terror" has but followed on the other. Apologists for the proven barbarity of the Bulgarians — men who acknowledge that they saw them driven away with horror by Russian officers from their work of slaughtering Turkish wounded, over whom an

advancing Russian column had passed — advance the plea, *ad culpam minuendam*, that the Bulgarians have at least not ravished. There is told a different tale in the sad spectacle of the four Jewish ladies, sisters, now forlornly resident in the house of a merchant banker in Bucharest of their own faith — outraged by God knows what ruffianism of uncounted Bulgarians in sight of their own father as he lay dying murdered in his own house in Carlovo.

I ought to say that what I have incorporated in the foregoing article has been gathered by me piecemeal with constant assiduity, by dint of personal investigation and questioning. I have tried never to let an opportunity slip of getting even a scrap or a sidelight of information. My medium of questioning was my servant, a Servian of whose truthfulness I have had long experience, and who spoke Bulgarian with the fluency of a native, and Turkish and Russian very fairly. I may add that, as a Serb, he was a bitter Turko-phobe, and that all his sympathies were with the Bulgarians.

ARCHD. FORBES.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

VI.

MOODS.

THE storm was followed by very bad weather, which for several days prevented Erica from taking a walk; but, to her mother's astonishment, she bore her imprisonment very patiently, and sat at the window for hours with her work or a book, gazing at the muddy road, on which nothing was to be seen except now and then some unfortunate wayfarer, wading slowly through the morass. She sometimes laughed gayly, nay, a little mischievously, when the ample light robe of a lady, or the polished boots of a gentleman, by no means suited to such a road and such weather, offered a very unlovely spectacle. The laugh was followed by some roguish remark, which keenly and somewhat pitilessly exposed the ridiculous side of the sight; but directly after the brown eyes gazed dreamily at the raindrops dripping from the trees, or the clouds that swept swiftly athwart the sky, and the lips,

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which had just curled so mischievously, now parted in a sweet, sad smile.

The invalid cast searching glances at her daughter. Erica's altered manner excited her surprise, for although seriousness and mirth often alternated in her changeful nature, the gayety had hitherto been untinted by any shade of mockery, nor had she ever before shown any predisposition to dreamy reverie. Her delight in nature, and solitary intercourse with it, had not developed such a side to her character; on the contrary, her eyes had wandered frankly and freely over the outside world, and though she had listened with delight to the chorus of birds around her, it did not prevent her from closely observing to what species the singers belonged. It was the same when her eyes roved over the sea. True her glances were first turned towards the white sails that floated over the blue plain; but from the shape of the vessels and position of the masts, she could determine the ship's nationality as quickly as the best sailor.

"Don't you want to go and see your friend Caroline?" asked the invalid, when Erica's eyes had rested on the clouds a long time, though her dreamy gaze rendered it doubtful whether she was really looking at them.

The young girl slowly turned and glanced at her mother with such a hesitating expression, that it seemed as if her remark required the most profound meditation.

"No, mamma," she suddenly exclaimed, with an impetuosity that formed a singular contrast to this deliberation. "Caroline can come here if she wants to see me."

"Caroline might think the weather too unpleasant; she is not hardened to it, like you."

"Then she can stay at home, I don't ask for her society."

"What is the matter, Erica? Has any one vexed you?"

Erica's lips quivered, her long lashes drooped over her eyes, and the book in her hand trembled so violently that the leaves rustled. She started up, seated herself in her old childish fashion on her mother's little footstool, and laid her head on her lap.

"I wish the whole gay crowd had gone, and we were alone again in Waldbad," she said softly. "I don't like all these people."

"Yet you were anticipating their arrival for weeks, and exulted at the sight of every new-comer."

"I was a child, mamma, and any change pleased me."

"And you are now a week older, Erica. That must make a great difference, of course," replied her mother, smiling.

The young girl's face showed no sympathetic reflection of the smile; it still remained grave, and she answered almost bitterly, "I know now that I was a fool to rejoice over the coming of these people, who live in another world, and have such different views and feelings. Our house and your presence now seem like a quiet, happy refuge, to which I can fly; like a strong castle, around which the storm raves in vain, or a peaceful island, on whose shores the waves dash violently."

"Do you find it so terrible out in the world, Erica?" asked the invalid, forcing herself to smile again, though her lips quivered.

The young girl gazed earnestly into the face of the speaker. "Yes, mamma, I feel like the horseman who was attacked by wolves, and escaped into the farmhouse with so much difficulty. How calmly he must have listened to their useless howling! When I am with *you*, mamma, who can harm me?"

"What a strange comparison, child!" said the old lady, with a shade of sternness in her tone. "I must insist upon your making a frank confession. What has happened to cause this mood?"

"Nothing, nothing," murmured Erica, hiding her face in her mother's lap. But the next instant she raised her head, threw her arms around the invalid's neck, and whispered lovingly, "My dear, dear mother." Then she started up and hurried into the next room.

The old lady looked after her with a sorrowful glance. "Poor child," she murmured sadly, "the battle of life seems to be beginning early. I hoped to have protected you from it, hoped to see your cheerfulness undimmed until my eyes closed. Yet sooner or later it must come."

The following day the weather seemed to be in the best possible humor, and strove to atone for its previous rudeness. The sky was clear, the sun shone in unclouded brightness, a fresh, invigorating breeze blew from the sea, and the trees, bushes, and grass exhaled an aromatic fragrance. Old Christine had therefore set the table in the veranda, and adorned it in the daintiest manner, not only for her "dear lady," but also for the benefit of the passers-by, who must thus perceive that very respectable people lived in the house. She had even placed in the centre a bouquet of heather blossoms and long slender grass, which she had gathered

early in the morning. Dewdrops were still hanging on the flowers, and glittering like tiny diamonds on the delicate spires of grass.

The old lady seemed agreeably surprised when she came out to breakfast, and kindly thanked the servant. Erica, on the contrary — whose features to-day wore their usual expression — only said, roguishly, —

"We should not have had such fine things indoors, eh, Christel?"

She then began a lively conversation with her mother, and the latter smiled as she thought how quickly the clouds had passed away from her child's young heart. But Erica said very positively that she did not want to go out, and after breakfast was over sat down with her work on the steps of the veranda, which afforded a wide view of the sea and country.

The little tract of land immediately in front of it, which had formerly been a well-kept garden, now seemed greatly neglected. As the sterile soil required careful cultivation, Christine was not strong enough to keep it in order, and it had gradually fallen into a condition which was scarcely entitled to the name of garden. Moss and heather had crept into the turf, tiny firs — children of the neighboring forest — were sprouting up everywhere, the few flowers that remained dragged out a miserable existence, and the paths were so overgrown as to be scarcely distinguishable. One alone, which led to the well, Christine, with great difficulty, kept in the neatest order. This well undeniably contained the best water in the whole village, and therefore was the pride of the old servant's heart, but at the same time the object of ceaseless anxiety, for — on account of the very excellence of the water — it suffered constant attacks from the whole neighborhood.

Christine had done everything in her power to put a stop to this unpleasant state of affairs; she had scolded the water-stealers, complained to their mistresses, and nailed to the fence a large plank, bearing the inscription, "No water to be taken from here on pain of punishment." Sometimes she had even hid among the bushes, burst suddenly upon the unsuspecting offenders like a thunder-storm, and driven them from the well with a torrent of abuse. At other times she had stood for hours at her window on the watch to frighten the intruders by her shrill voice. But all her trouble was useless. All the servants in the neighborhood had evidently leagued against her, and whenever poor Christine went to the village to make any purchases, she was sure, on her return, to meet peo-

ple bearing freshly-filled pails. If she were busy in the house, the pump was sure to be set in motion, and even when, after the toils and troubles of the day, she at last sought her couch, the creaking of the pump-handle, moved by some unauthorized hand, roused her from her bed.

If Christine had been able to read, she would perhaps have consoled herself with the fate of the old lady whose grass-plot was constantly threatened by donkeys, and who, with all her exertions, was unable to drive this dark shadow from the horizon of her life. The thought of the shout, "Janet, donkeys!" would perhaps have made the angry cry, "Go away from the pump!" less shrill. But she was ignorant of the similar calamity endured by the old lady, and firmly convinced that no human being on earth had so many annoyances as she.

Erica, who at first had sewed very busily, soon let her work fall to gaze at the landscape, for she rose and went down the steps of the veranda. Christine was just approaching with a pitcher of water, and a face in which a tempest was brewing. Erica sprang towards her, and said, laughing, —

"Has any one been at the pump, Christel, that such sparks are flashing from your eyes?"

"Well, I shouldn't think that would be much to laugh at," replied Christine, sulkily; "if I can get no water in the course of a few days, Fräulein Erica won't be able to come to me for a fresh drink every fifteen minutes, as she does now. Just look at this yellow water, and the ground around the well is like a sponge, they have poured so much on it."

"They were in too great hurry, for fear you would catch them, Christel, and the rain has made the water yellow."

Christine shrugged her shoulders. "Our pump give yellow water on account of the rain! I thought you had more sense, Fräulein Erica. Hundreds of pails have been stolen to-day."

Christine was inclined to indulge in longer lamentations, but Erica had already glided away, and was wandering around the neglected little garden. She then sat down on the grass under the shade of a thick clump of bushes, but had been deprived of the sun too long to find this pleasant; so she soon came out again and watched the rabbits owned by some of the neighbors' children, which seemed to feel perfectly at home here, and conducted themselves accordingly.

Then she joined Christine, who was tak-

ing advantage of the sunny day to air the beds, and, casting sinister looks at the rabbits — next to the attacks on the pump the greatest sorrow of her life — was beating the feathers violently with a slender hazel rod. Now and then a rabbit which boldly approached too near received a vehement blow with the whip, as a tangible proof of her unfriendly feelings, for Christine had unfortunately been compelled to renounce all hope of driving them away entirely.

Here too Erica did not linger long, but went to the street, leaned over the fence, looked at the passers-by, and soon after turned away in the opposite direction, and, again leaning over the railing, gazed at the forest with equal interest.

The old lady watched her daughter's movements with a smile, but did not disturb her by any questions. When dinner had been served on the veranda, and the invalid retired to take her afternoon nap, Erica also disappeared in the house, but a short time after emerged in a very different dress, prepared to go out, and left a message with Christine for her mother, who was not yet visible.

"Why, *Fräulein Erica*," said the old servant in astonishment, "where are you going, you have made yourself so fine?"

Erica blushed. "I am going to see Caroline Sternau, please tell mamma so."

It had certainly not been her intention to pay the visit, but after this statement she considered her word pledged to do so.

She therefore turned into the street that led to the beautiful villa, whose balconies, supported by pillars, large, bright windows, and numerous verandas, gave it a very stately appearance, which rendered it the principal object in the view from Erica's modest veranda.

The fair weather had tempted countless pedestrians into the open air; a gay crowd thronged the streets, and Erica often met acquaintances to whom she nodded and said a few words. There was so large a majority of ladies in Waldbad that the dark clothes of a gentleman rarely mingled with their airy toilettes. In consequence of this, an independence prevailed which is rarely seen in a watering-place. The passing groups talked and laughed very gaily and loudly, and seemed to have no anxiety about being overheard by strangers. They formed little knots in the middle of the street, or walked alone, hummed songs, and if occasion required unceremoniously climbed a fence which obstructed their progress. The older gentlemen, who sometimes appeared, were undoubtedly the papas, or at least the uncles of the

singing and laughing ladies, and therefore their presence did not disturb the universal gaiety.

If, at very rare intervals, a young man displayed his polished boots on the street, his appearance excited a surprise which was by no means comfortable for him. The old ladies eyed him with glances of displeasure, as if indignant at his presumption; the young girls looked after him, less unkindly, it is true, but with an expression of smiling astonishment, and only his position as brother or cousin could in some degree justify his presence to himself, and relieve him from the uncomfortable feeling of being an intruder in this circle.

Erica therefore rarely met young men, but whenever this did occur, a feeling of dread stole over her lest she should see the young artist whom she so eagerly desired to avoid. Her heart throbbed violently at the approach of every young man, and she uttered a sigh of relief when she perceived that he was not the object of her fear.

She had reached the vicinity of the beautiful villa, and as she could now consider all dangers happily passed, felt, strangely enough, a sense of disappointment instead of pleasure. There is a certain charm, even in fear; timid people are most anxious to hear about ghosts, and the human heart has so much need of emotion, that it is sometimes inclined to pay a high price for it.

As Erica walked slowly along the trellis-work fence that enclosed the garden before the villa, she felt a slight shade of ennui, which she had scarcely known before, and would have liked to turn and go home.

The garden was large, and laid out with great taste. Infinite labor had been lavished upon the cultivation of the sandy soil, and the clumps of trees, with their luxuriant foliage, the beautiful plants and patches of flowers that enlivened the fresh green turf, would scarcely allow one to believe that, on crossing the little hill before him, he would have the waves of the Baltic almost at his feet.

When Erica had nearly reached the lawn before the house, she saw through the fence a small party assembled on the gently sloping hillside, and recognized her friend Caroline, her older sister and younger brother. But the flush that suddenly crimsoned her cheeks probably had as little connection with them, as with the old lady seated on the veranda watching her children. Perhaps, however, the responsibility rested on the young man, who,

stretched lazily on the grass, was playing with one of the boys and occasionally exchanging a jesting word with the young girls.

Erica's eyes need not have been as keen they were, to enable her to instantly recognize in the recumbent figure the man she feared. That was the same delicately-cut, oval face she had seen under the oak-tree, the same quiet dark eyes, over which the lids drooped wearily. There, too, was the luxuriant brown hair, framing the handsome countenance, the indolent attitude, the slender, elastic limbs, which were capable of such rapid motion. Doubt was impossible, it was he, and she had been in the act of rushing into the very jaws of the lion.

She thanked the fortunate accident that had prevented it, and wished to turn back at once, but curiosity bound her to the spot. The clump of birches and alders beside which she stood concealed her admirably from the group on the turf, while she could watch it perfectly. Her friend Caroline had probably expected the visit, for she was unusually well dressed. The light, ample, airy summer dress fell gracefully around the slender figure; rose-colored ribbons fluttered from her waist and shoulders, and her fair hair was also bound with a bright pink band and adorned with fresh flowers. Erica had never seen her look so pretty, and the spectacle engrossed her attention so entirely that for the present her thoughts were occupied solely with her friend.

In this particular she seemed to sympathize with the young man, for when she again glanced towards him, she perceived that his eyes were also fixed upon Caroline. He had rested his head lazily on his arm, in the same way that he had done under the oak, but when he spoke to the young girl the words must have been very gay and interesting, for she listened with evident pleasure, and sometimes her musical laugh fell upon Erica's ear. A quantity of flowers lay on the grass beside her, and she now began to weave a wreath. The artist sometimes handed her a bud, or took away one that did not please him, and when the boy—with whom he had just been playing—again tried to claim his attention, he pushed him aside and devoted himself entirely to the beautiful sister.

Erica's eyes involuntarily turned from the bewitching group to herself, and scanned her own appearance with scrutinizing glances. She had not thought herself so ill-dressed before, on the contrary

had considered her attire very pretty, but she was forced to acknowledge that it could not compare with Caroline's. The dressmaker in Waldbad might be a very estimable person, but she evidently did not have the latest fashions, and Erica was shocked when she compared her narrow, short little frock with the airy floating robe, whose artistic folds fell so gracefully around its wearer.

Had she been blind that she had not noticed this difference before, not perceived what a wretched appearance she presented beside her charming friend? It was not envy that crept into her heart, but an almost wild agony. That one glance had made her realize how impossible it would be for her ever to enter that circle. That sphere and hers must ever remain aloof from each other, and as if she wished to see no more of it, she turned from the trellis and walked on towards the sea.

VII.

THE LITTLE FAIRY CASTLE.

TEARS hung from Erica's lashes, and her lips quivered painfully, as she walked over the down. She did not suffer the fetters of grief to bind her long, however, but indignantly raised her head and crushed back her tears.

"Is not my world beautiful?" she said to herself. "Have I not my mother, my forest, my sea? Shall I now, like a fool, begin to long for things that hitherto have had so little charm for me, and which I know I shall always be denied? When all these people have gone away again, when I see and hear no more of this other world, my former happiness will return, and I shall remember this time only as a bad dream."

The expectation of this happy future calmed her. An evil which had so evidently been caused by these strangers, must of course vanish with them; this very childish logic was sufficient to console her. She could cheerfully endure a few sorrowful weeks, when she could so distinctly fix the end of her troubles; so she would not spoil her beautiful walk, but heartily enjoy it, especially as the listlessness she had just felt had fortunately entirely disappeared.

This time she took a different direction from the one she usually followed, and rambled over the down, which, though treeless, was covered with moss and heather. But in spite of her efforts, her thoughts would not be controlled, but constantly reverted to that one unpleasant

subject. Her imagination supported them in their disobedience, and with painful distinctness constantly conjured up the group on the turf. She was therefore astonished when she perceived that she was close by the somewhat neglected churchyard.

Single firs — harbingers of the neighboring forest — stood among the smaller clumps of stunted pines, and the grey knots of felled trunks gleamed forth from amid the bristling needles that carpeted the ground. From this spot neither sea nor village was visible, nothing appeared but the monotonous hillocks of former downs — from which the coast had long since receded. At some distance the forest closed the melancholy scene, which seemed well suited for a place of mourning.

Erica entered the open gate of the little churchyard and sat down on one of the graves, where a certain feeling of peace stole over her. "There is rest here," she murmured, leaning her head against the mound. "Here all sleep the same slumber, the eyes that have wept many tears, as well as those which have shed none." The thought of death — which often has less terror for youth than age — stilled the tumult of her heart. Her eyes closed, and dreams conjured up pictures of the gayest life, in lieu of images of death.

She was roused from her slumber by loud words spoken close beside her. "Damnation, it isn't she," said a man's voice, and she hastily started up, for she thought she knew the tone. The speaker had already turned, and she saw him striding off between the graves. He was elegantly dressed, and evidently one of the guests at the watering-place, so she must be mistaken in supposing she had recognized the voice of the foreign sailor. To her astonishment, the sun was already low in the horizon, and she sprang up to go home. She did not take the shortest way through the village — she would have been obliged to pass the garden again — but went across the hills of the down to reach the forest on the other side of Waldbad, and thus gain her own dwelling.

In the midst of these hills, as if conjured hither by fairy hands, stood a beautiful little castle, whose balconies and towers made it resemble some elfin palace. The dreary surroundings also contributed to the striking effect of the edifice, for no trace of a garden was to be seen, nothing but heather and briars, and two huge beeches which stood close to the gabled end, and protected the windows from the sun's rays by their dense foliage.

A rich speculator, whom fortune's wheel had raised to wealth, was the builder of the little palace. Unfortunately, however, he was soon forced to experience the fickleness of her mood, for the edifice had scarcely been completed when its owner was declared a bankrupt. The pleasure-grounds remained untouched, the elegant rooms stood empty and were offered to the guests at the watering-place. But generally the little fairy castle — so the villagers had not inappropriately named the house — was the last to be rented by strangers. It was some distance from Waldbad, as well as the bathing-houses, its elegance made it expensive, and thus only necessity could induce visitors to hire it.

Erica was therefore the more surprised when she perceived that the house already showed traces of being occupied. Most of the windows were open, groups of chairs and tables stood carelessly about on the verandas as if they had just been left, and on the balcony on the first story she even saw books and sewing. Her interest was fully aroused, and as the path led directly by the villa, which was unprotected from curious eyes even by a fence, she quietly took advantage of the circumstance. She had already approached quite near the house, when a white figure suddenly appeared at one of the lower windows, and made Erica pause. The apparition, however, probably did not consider the young girl worth noticing, for not a glance wandered towards her, but with a large white cloth that fluttered like a banner, it seemed to be beckoning to some one, though Erica could not see any human creature on the downs. The latter, however, soon discovered that the cloth was not intended as a greeting, but used for cooling purposes, and was no little surprised at the hot blood of the person she was watching, for it is seldom excessively warm at the seashore, and the day was by no means calculated to require such a vigorous use of any cooling apparatus.

When the hand at last fell by the side of the white figure, as if exhausted, the watcher for the first time perceived that it was not, as she had supposed, a woman, but a man who seemed to suffer so excessively from the heat. A tall white cap surmounted a very round face, a white jacket clothed a portly figure, and a white apron reaching to his neck completed the uniform attire. The person she saw before her was therefore evidently a cook, and Erica was very much excited by this important discovery. A feeling stole over

her like that experienced by a child when it first enters a menagerie and sees the wild animals of which it has so often heard; a roaring lion, a growling bear, or an ape making funny grimaces.

A man cook had hitherto been an unknown personage in Waldbad. The rich merchants had contented themselves with women, and even the inns — or hotels, as they called themselves — had not risen to the dignity of employing masculine rulers of the kitchen. Christine, however, who, probably somewhat against the mother's will, often told the child Erica about the old days of splendor, had described such a cook, who had presided over the kitchen in her parents' house. This cook played a very prominent part in Christine's tales, because she had commenced her career under him as kitchen-maid.

This Herr Mandel had been very prone to sudden fits of passion; he had not only boxed Christine on the ear, but once a saucepan, hurled by his powerful hand, struck her on the head with so much violence that she fell senseless on the floor. But this — as she never failed to add — was only at the commencement of her apprenticeship; afterwards her stern master had acknowledged her many services, and she had kept a reverent memory of him, in which his image was so transfigured, her tales had woven such a nimbus around the extraordinary man, that the idea of a cook had become fixed in the child's imagination as the climax of all earthly splendor.

And now here close before her was a real living cook, who looked, apart from his dress, like any other mortal, nay, to speak frankly, like rather a commonplace person. His desire to cool himself was perfectly intelligible, the more so as Erica, when he turned from the window and afforded her a full view of the interior of the room, saw the kitchen fire blazing brightly, and well supplied with pots and pans. She was somewhat surprised, for at this season Christine would not allow a single coal to glimmer on the hearth, but a cook probably did not submit to the universal sensible rule of saving fire, but boiled and roasted just as he chose.

She now perceived near the hearth a little cook, the exact image of the larger one, and also clad in white from top to toe. Erica smiled: it must be the universal custom of cooks to be served by kitchen-boys, for Herr Mandel had also had one, and all the other servants had used the unfortunate boy as a conductor for the lightnings of Herr Mandel's wrath. This

too was probably a fixed habit on the part of cooks, for the stout white man had scarcely turned away from the window, when he seized the lad by the collar and jerked him back from the hearth.

The young girl was extremely eager to see the end of the scene, but unfortunately, just at that moment, the wife of the fisherman, Wilms, came out of the door and approached her. Erica blushed at being caught listening, and though she would have liked to ask the woman with whom she had taken service, she quickly conquered her curiosity and passed her with a slight bend of the head. But she had scarcely turned the corner of the house, which concealed her from the woman's eyes, when she again paused and looked into the windows.

On the ground floor the curtains shut out all curious glances, but on the second story the windows were open, and Erica saw a table handsomely laid for three persons. What was the paltry little bouquet that had adorned her mother's breakfast-table so prettily, compared to the magnificent flowers arranged in a silver vase which stood on this table? Shallow silver dishes contained the finest fruits, the most delicate confectionery; ice-holders of the same metal held long-necked champagne-bottles, decanters and goblets glittered brightly, and Erica gazed in astonishment at the array of glass and silver. Surely only a man cook could suitably provide for such a table, and the little fairy castle seemed to have found occupants worthy of its name.

Her eyes now wandered over the other windows, and remained fixed upon a wonderfully beautiful woman, totally unlike any other Erica had ever seen. Her figure was tall and regal, and the countenance, with its regular features, recalled the statues of the Greek gods. Her chestnut hair fell in luxuriant curls over her snowy shoulders, and a light blue dress of shining silk floated around the Juno-like figure. Costly laces were used upon this costume with lavish abundance, and also arranged with white roses in the brown hair. The white arms were encircled by magnificent bracelets, and a string of pearls rested on the beautifully-formed neck.

A more critical spectator than Erica would probably have thought the lady too richly attired for her country surroundings, but the young girl's delight was unshadowed by the slightest tinge of censure. The cook, the table, the lady, formed such a closely interwoven chain of

magnificence, that she was too full of admiration to be capable of criticism.

The lady was standing quite near the window, and thus afforded the young girl a full view of her person. Now, however, she turned back into the room, raised in her arms a fair-haired little boy about four years old, who must have been sitting on the floor, kissed him, and seated him at the table that she might play with him more easily. Erica, who now looked farther into the apartment, suddenly perceived in a rocking-chair a young man, in whom she instantly recognized the artist. He undoubtedly preferred a recumbent position under all circumstances, for he was lying very far back in the chair, rocking slowly to and fro, and, to Erica's angry surprise, comfortably smoking a cigar.

This time his appearance caused no agitation. The storm in the young heart had wearied it, and rendered it no longer capable of keen impressions, or else the strange surroundings had bewildered her—at any rate it almost seemed as if she had expected his presence here. The beautiful lady now claimed all her attention, and she saw her play with the pretty boy without apparently taking any special notice of her companion. She now approached him with the child, but the young artist put out his hand to keep her away. Meantime the active little fellow had slipped down and was playing about the room, while the lady leaned on the table close beside the rocking-chair. She pushed the young man's hair away from his forehead, and bent down to press her lips upon it, but the latter leaned so far back that she could scarcely reach him, removed his cigar, and—did she really see aright?—puffed a cloud of smoke into the Juno-like face.

The lady did not even seem angry, but laughed and pulled him by the ear. Erica did not know whether she ought to be most angry with the rudeness of the gentleman, or astonished at the indulgent gentleness of the beautiful lady. Yet once more a certain feeling of satisfaction, which she would have found it difficult to explain even to herself, stirred within her.

The door of the dining-room now opened, and a servant, in elegant livery, entered. At the same time a nurse carried the fair-haired little boy—apparently much to his dissatisfaction—into the next room, while the beautiful stranger, leaning

on the young man's arm, passed through the open door of the dining-room. Another lady, who had hitherto remained unseen, rose and followed the pair.

Unfortunately, just at this moment several persons appeared, so that Erica was compelled to relinquish her post of observation. She had not gone far when she met her friend Caroline.

"Did you know we had a princess here, Erica?" cried the latter. "Although she is only a Russian one—as her irreverent brother always adds—it is at least a good beginning; German princesses will come too, and then Heringsdorf can't boast of any advantage over Waldbad."

"So the lady in the fairy castle is a Russian princess?" asked Erica breathlessly, "and the young artist is her brother?"

"The young artist? Who is he?"

Erica blushed. "I saw him with an easel, and supposed he was an artist."

"I dare say he may paint now and then; but he's far too lazy to become a real artist."

"And what is his name?" Erica forced herself to ask.

"Herr von Altenborn, or, to speak more correctly, Baron von und zu Altenborn. I believe he has a castle not far from the frontiers of France. The fame of Waldbad is extending farther and farther, I feel proud even of the Russian princess."

"And why isn't a Russian princess just as good as any other?"

"Oh! of course there are distinguished Russian princesses too, but they form a very small minority. Most of them, according to our ideas, have no royal blood in their veins. The Bagadoff family, papa says, is not numbered among those of real princely birth, and he knows all about such things, because he is consul. But we shall have a delightful season; the princess is very fond of pleasure, and has already made a great many gay plans."

"I am very glad of it for your sake, Caroline. But now good-bye, I must go home," and this time Erica took the shortest path—for the garden was no longer dangerous. A tumult of the most contradictory feelings filled her young heart, in which, however, the melancholy that had of late so greatly predominated formed the smallest share.

She had recoiled from the many new impressions that confused, intoxicated her, and yet produced the singular delusion that she had experienced some great joy.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

M. THIERS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH PENCIL.

[THREE years ago, at a *soirée* at the house of M. Thiers, the author of this biography asked his assistance in collecting materials for a sketch of his eventful life. He kindly said, "I will give you every assistance in my power. Call on me in the mornings, when I am not so much absorbed by visitors—at six o'clock, if you like. Bring a list of questions. Question me without fear of giving offence. I shall answer truthfully, asking nothing of your friendship, but something of your indulgence." He was as good as his word. To render him the justice he deserves longer explanations would be needed than the space in these pages can afford.—E. C.]

THE French Revolution had a first and second growth. That of 1789 was associated with the storms, the showers, the sunshine, the wild blasts, the freshness, bloom, and promise of spring. It came up in Floréal and Prairial, and ripened in Thermidor and Fructidor. That of 1830 was brilliant, but autumnal. Its flowers came out on the eve of a long winter, and, save in a few exceptional plants, had no great development. The men of the States-General were impelled by lofty motives; in working for France they conceived they were working for the world. In their estimation the loss of a colony was of small importance compared to the denial of a principle. Splendid talents were not wanting in the generation of 1830. But they were deficient in the *vis vite* of youth and the sacred fire that inspires noble aims. Of this second growth M. Thiers was one of the highest types. His long life is closely bound up in the French history of the last half-century. The fierce light of journalism which played on him in his zenith, showing with prosaic distinctness his public and private failings, was, as the evening of his career drew nigh, succeeded by a semi-obscurity, which presaged one of the worst political hurricanes of modern times. In his seventy-third year he emerged from the partial retirement in which he had lived after the *coup d'état*, to save France from wreck. He succeeded beyond the hopes of friends confident in his great abilities. The task he accomplished has no parallel in history. The difficulties he had to deal with were many and stupendous. He compared himself to a pilot engaged to bring a shattered hulk safely into port in the face of a raging and dangerous sea, with a jealous captain, and a mutinous

crew, who threw him overboard the moment he had refitted the ship. Thiers, president of the Third Republic, well redeemed the errors into which intemperate love of action, passion for his country's glory, and ambition, had hurried him in younger life. His political sun may be said to have set when he was ejected from the presidency in 1873. But after it went down its rays shot up from below the horizon, and cast upon the illustrious octogenarian a brighter glow than it ever did at any earlier period of his career.

There was not much that was epic in the astonishingly rapid and successful struggles of M. Thiers—first against poverty, and then for fame and power. It was not that he was destitute of courage, for in him that quality was carried to the extreme of intrepidity and audacity. But it was allied with an amount of address which we do not generally associate with the heroic character. He was rather the hero of a child's story, than of a poem intended to celebrate great faculties and surplus activities devoted to great ends, although he was in no small measure endowed with both. From youth to old age, when a nettle was raised to strike him, he never shrank from roughly handling it. But he preferred, when it was possible, to talk the person who flourished it into laying it down. Violent conflict with an enemy was repugnant to him. He was often called a worshipper of force, but in reality he had small sympathy with it when not manifestly directed by intellect. In northern races, the barbarian constantly breaks out in the finest gentleman. There was not a trace of barbarism in Thiers, notwithstanding the poverty in which he was reared. Bismarck, who is not a man of very delicate feeling, was charmed with his super-civilization, and at Versailles complimented him upon it. "Talk on, talk on, I beseech you," he said to him, when they had laid aside grave business for lighter conversation. "It is delightful to listen to one so essentially civilized." There was not a trace of the primitive man in Thiers. He was the heir, truly, of all the ages in the foremost rank of time, and of the races who made the Mediterranean basin the centre of antique civilization.

M. Thiers was born in a troublous period of the world's history. The eighteenth century was going out in social and political storm and upheavals at the time of his birth, which happened at Marseilles on the 16th of April, two years and nearly nine months before the nineteenth

century, with its mechanical and industrial revolutions, came in.

In the diary of the physician who attended at this event, this curious entry was made: "A cinq heures ce matin, j'ai assisté à l'accouchement de la fille d'Amic. Douleurs des plus vives, et prolongées pendant vingt heures. Présentation mauvaise. Temps de gestation presque dix mois. Enfant du sexe masculin, turbulent, et très viable, quoique ses membres inférieurs sont peu développés. La jeune mère était en proie à des grands chagrins, ce qui explique ces accidents. Son mari s'est suavé de chez lui, et elle ne sait pas ce qui lui en est devenu. La femme Lhommaça s'est trouvée auprès de sa fille."

An inauspicious entrance truly on life's stage! The deserted young wife, whose miseries are thus briefly recorded, had, ten months previously, made a love-match, and in consequence quarrelled with her family. They were of Levantine origin, and, among themselves, spoke in the Greek dialect. "The woman Lhommaça" was the aunt of the poet Chénier, and the wife of an enterprising and rich merchant named Amic. Taking pity on her daughter in her distress, she gave her and a tribe of stepchildren shelter in a house belonging to herself, which happened to be unlet. It was then numbered fifteen, in the fifth *isole*, or block, of the Rue des Petits Pères, a new street, connecting the Place St. Michel with the suburb of La Plaine, and called after a Jesuit confraternity which had formerly established itself on a property through which it ran. "40" is the number this house now bears. It is valued at twenty-two thousand francs, but was not worth half that sum in 1797. Madame Amic mortgaged it in 1816, to enable Thiers to study law; and when she went in 1825 to live at Bouc, where he purchased a cottage for her and his mother, she sold it for thirteen thousand francs to a M. Delestrade. Madame Thiers is now negotiating its purchase. She intends to furnish it with part of her late illustrious husband's art collection and books, and present it to the town of Marseilles.

The Amics and Lhommaças belonged to the same Levantine clan. They were warm-hearted people, quick to resent and sharp in their resentment, but soon disposed to forgive and forget. They appear also to have been enthusiastic royalists. Their reputation as such induced Thiers the elder, who was a friend of theirs, to fly for shelter, in the White reaction of Thermidor, to the house of his future

father-in-law. While hiding there, Amic's daughter, a young girl of remarkable beauty, energy of character, and keenness of tongue, fell in love with him. She pitied him for his misfortunes, was dazzled by his brilliant parts and plausible manners, and, regardless of his poverty and family encumbrances, insisted on espousing him. To understand a great man well we should know something of his family history. In troubled times Frenchwomen have strong political sentiments, and know how to assert them. Thiers's mother was no exception. The honeymoon over, she quarrelled as much with her husband about his opinions as about his convivial habits, which tended to keep him in the poverty into which he had fallen. Her royalism was not modified later in life by her son's successes, and she mourned over his revolutionary leanings when he arrived at man's estate. Her husband was a little mercurial person of almost universal aptitudes, great wit, too great enterprise, and a petulant temper, which ill disposed him to bear the lash of his wife's tongue. A royalist *émigré*, the Marquis de Fonvielle of Toulouse, sketched a portrait of him in 1808 which might serve for a caricature of our M. Thiers. The marquis made a voyage with him from Genoa to Carthage in Spain, on board the "*Virgen del Pilar*," and said of him, in writing to a relation in France: "This little man is a talking and gesticulating encyclopædia, and the most amusing creature I ever came across. One cannot start any subject with which he is unfamiliar. It is impossible to have seen any wonderful thing that he has not witnessed. He knows the entire globe, round which he tells us he sailed with Captain le Marchant. I somehow doubt if he ever did, though he bears cross-examination well, and surmounts with address every objection to his story. He is precise in the employment of technical, scientific, and nautical terms, in the description of the countries visited by the captain, in the designation of latitudes, officers, men, and log-book dates. He reasons better than any sailor on the art of navigation, explains with surprising clearness the manœuvres of the crew, demonstrates as pat as the alphabet the laws of storms and currents, and shipbuilding. If asked to give an account of what passed in the moon, he would be at no loss to furnish one. He parrots every scientific theory and system, and really he looks like a parrot raised in some incomprehensible way into a human being."

This "talking encyclopædia," just before

the birth of his son Adolphe Louis, was employed as a dock-porter; but he had seen prosperous days, and had been educated for the bar. His father belonged to the bourgeois aristocracy which, from 1560 to 1775, when Marseilles lost its liberties, exercised well-nigh uncontrolled sway over that town. Moreover, he was annalist to the Hôtel de Ville, and wrote an erudite history of Provence. The annalist was the son of a notable cloth merchant, a friend of M. de Marbœuf, the governor of Corsica, and had built himself a palatial mansion in the Rue de Mazade. He was magnificent in his expenditure, and a man of brilliant parts. The fame of his suppers—which had an artistic character—reached to Paris, and his house was the resort of the chief people of Marseilles. In making a venture with the American colonies he was ruined. He lived to the age of ninety-seven. His son, the archivist, died in his ninety-fifth year at Mentone, whither he fled from the republicans, who persecuted him for having incited the bourgeois party to seize on the Jacobins representing the Convention, and throw them into the dungeons of the Château d'If. M. Thiers's father, following the revolutionary current, helped to release the prisoners. For this service he was named registrar to the Tribunal of Public Safety, a position which, under the White Terror, drew upon him the wrath of the royalists, and led to his taking refuge in the house of Amic, where he met his second wife. The illustrious statesman who died last September was not, therefore, as has been frequently said and written, the son of an illiterate workman. His father, as we have seen, was a man of excellent education, and, for the city in which he lived, of high extraction and unquestionably ancient lineage. M. Thiers resembled him in every point, except his incapacity to succeed. He was in the habit of disappearing suddenly, to engage in the strangest kind of mercantile and other ventures, and of not turning up for long periods, when he reappeared empty-handed, but full of hope. The English fleet, which prevented him from executing a military contract obtained in 1797, did not prevent his going, soon after, to Italy. He went there as *impresario* of a company of players which he had formed. At Milan one of his actresses obtained for him the monopoly of the gaming-tables. Thence he pushed on to Naples, where his wit and unflagging spirits gained him influential patrons at court and the favor of Joseph Bonaparte and his wife, whom he had known at Marseilles.

For a while he led a splendid life. Suddenly collapsing, he turned up in Carthage, where he started a house of business, and then sold it to go to Madrid. In that city King Joseph and Queen Julie (*née* Clary) took him by the hand, and, but for the crash of Vittoria, he might have prospered. The presence of the English, however, served as an excuse for not sending more money than he did to his suffering family; and the direct pressure of their arms on his business speculations helped to foster in his son's mind the intensely national and bellicose spirit which the stirring events of the consulate and empire had generated in it. This brilliant, roving, speculative Marseilles Micawber had a passion for houses, which he transmitted to Adolphe. In 1831, full of hope in the patronage of the creator of the July Monarchy, he hastened to Paris with a scheme for irrigating and reclaiming the Crau desert outside of Marseilles. Thiers severely admonished him, and asked him what he owed him. "Everything," urged the prodigal parent. "Do you think that if, when my grandfather failed, I had resigned myself to a life of penurious economy and stagnation, you would be the man you are?" The argument told. The son, who had a strong instinct of filial duty, granted his father a pension, and sent him to Carpentras to direct the post-office, with authority to appoint a daughter by his first wife deputy post-mistress. There the old man took a cottage at a short distance from the Allée des Platanes, and lived in company with a pack of dogs. He frequently got into the hands of Jews, who speculated upon the scandal it would occasion if they arrested him for debt. In 1833, Thiers, then minister of public works, gave him twelve thousand francs for consenting formally to his marriage with the co-heiress of M. and Madame Dosne. To insure the non-appearance of his troublesome parent at the wedding, the minister for three weeks previously hired all the places in the stage-coaches running from Carpentras and other towns of the Vaucluse to Lyons.

When length of day runs in the blood, traditions are tenacious. Those of the Thiers family went back to the very origin of the city which for generations they had helped to rule, to agitate, and to enrich. It was said that they belonged to a servile Punic colony, transplanted from Africa by the Romans, of which vestiges existed up to a very recent period. There seems to have been in the race that subtlety, that tenacity which hides itself under a flexible

exterior, that genius for dealing with present difficulties, and that repugnance to abstract theories, which distinguished the Carthaginians. At a *fête* given by Marseilles to Mirabeau, an allusion was made to this Punic legend by the committee of management. They decided that at the gala representation in the theatre their illustrious guest should sit between two young ladies of remarkable beauty—Mademoiselle Thiers, aunt of the statesman, and Mademoiselle Noble; Mirabeau between the *noblesse* and the *tiers* was the pun they proposed to put in action. Mademoiselle Noble, or Nobili, of Italian ancestry, was dressed to personify old Rome, and Mademoiselle Thiers, Carthage, the trading state of antiquity. The play was the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." Mirabeau asked the young ladies did it interest them? "What more interests us," replied Mademoiselle Thiers, "is to find ourselves beside the *gentilhomme bourgeois*." The *mot* was repeated by the great orator in the *salon*, and its author became the heroine of the evening.

Thiers was adopted in early infancy by his grandmother Madame Amic. She got two flourishing merchants, named Rollardin and Barthelière, to stand for him at the baptismal font; and it was well for him that she did. Leaving the house in the Rue des Petits Pères to her unhappy daughter—with whom, when her own fortune was engulfed in a subsequent disaster, she went back to live—she took her grandson to her *bastide*, or country-house. It was on one of those limestone hills clad with parasol pines which run east of the city into the Mediterranean. The bright sun, the bright sea, the aromatic herbage, and the balsamic emanations from woods that gave shelter, but did not impede the circulation of the air, were powerful stimulants to mind and body. In his writings M. Thiers recurs to the impressions he received in childhood on that luminous hillside, looking down on the blue-glinting bay and crowded port. He was allowed to run about wild. When the *bastide* was sold, and Mme. Amic obliged to share her daughter's lodging, she did not curtail her favorite grandchild's liberty. His playground, after he went back to the Rue des Petits Pères, was another limestone hill, now built over, and called Les Baumettes, from caverns in its flank. Thiers was a young Ishmael among the street Arabs that gathered there. To his latest days he recurred with pleasure to his boyish games and warfare at Les Baumettes. His recollection of them and of

the happy tone they gave his intellect prompted him to give a cold reception to schemes for endowing France with infant schools. M. Thiers often sustained against Guizot, who was a thorough schoolmaster, that young children are better employed birdnesting and thrashing each other out of doors, than locked up in ugly, close rooms, poring over lessons which they should be allowed only to glance at.

The boy Thiers had a very narrow escape of receiving no education whatever. His grandmother was loath to part with him. She feared for his health, for which his phenomenal smallness augured ill. Then she dreaded to part with the small sum of money that remained to her after the wind-up of her affairs. When Rollardin—one of the child's godfathers and kind protectors—set on Joseph Chénier to obtain for him a *demi-bourse* at the Lycée, the mother protested against a son of hers ever wearing Bonaparte's livery, or eating bread provided by him. The Duc d'Enghien's execution had revived her old royalist fanaticism. She execrated the emperor and the empire, and thought no good could come of their schools for higher instruction. Barthelière—the other godfather, with whom the young Adolphe spent his Sundays, and who divined the future that was before him—interfered. He threatened to apply to the still absent father, who had a legal right to decide as to the manner in which the boy was to be educated. Under this menace the two ladies yielded, and Thiers was prepared to compete for the *demi-bourse*, for which his cousin Chénier obtained him a nomination. At the examination which was to open to him the doors of the Lyceum he obtained high marks. Rollardin bought his outfit, and Barthelière undertook to pay those school expenses which the municipality did not bear.

Thiers's first Black Monday was in October, 1808. A good boy he certainly was not, but an able boy he constantly proved himself. To keep at the head of his form he scarcely needed to apply himself, so rapid was his apprehension and so tenacious his memory. In the humanities he was weak, unless when asked to comment on the classic authors that he had to study. The leisure his superior capacity secured for him was spent in practical jokes and escapades, cleverly imagined and boldly executed. A more mischievous sprite never tormented an usher. In planning a trick, it was his way to ingratiate himself with the masters, and to secure the favor

of probable witnesses. Under the Marseilles professors his higher faculties did not assert themselves. They were suddenly brought out by the menace of expulsion, conjoined with fresh family disasters, and the arrival from Paris of a teacher for whose memory M. Thiers, to the end of his life, entertained a profound reverence.

For the first time in his life he knew what it was to venerate as well as to love a human being. Maillet-Lacoste, the new professor, was a young man of noble and engaging countenance. His air and manners were those of a perfect gentleman, contrasting strongly with the easily excited provincial pedagogues, under whom Thiers had heretofore been placed. Master of himself in all circumstances, he soon became master of the Lyceans in his class. Thiers was the disciple and pupil of Maillet-Lacoste, who in teaching him mathematics sought to raise his moral standard. The Parisian tutor was a martyr to his political faith. Issuing with a high number in a batch of one hundred and ninety from the Polytechnique, where he had been a comrade of Arago, he elected to be a civil engineer. But, writing a pamphlet against the consulate, and signing a protest against the empire, he was sent in disgrace to teach mathematics at the Lyceum of Marseilles. In talking politics he was reserved. But the precocious intellect of Thiers led him to unbosom himself, and master and pupil discussed political ethics during the evening recreation in the arcades of the court. On the Thursday holidays they visited the museum, and a library formed out of the spoils of the convents and châteaux of Provence. Maillet-Lacoste was alive and in obscurity when Thiers became president of Louis Philippe's council. His old pupil—who, if at times a slippery politician, loved the intimate companionship of honest men, and was firm in his friendship for them—wrote him an affectionate letter in which he offered him an important post in the department of public instruction. Maillet-Lacoste declined in terms which, if read by the light of subsequent events, seem prophetic. "I cannot," he said, "accept anything from you since you have broken with those who wished to found a republic in 1830. You then condemned France to another series of political convulsions. The peasantry still remember with affection the *régime* to which they owe their emancipation. They hate Bonaparte, their recollections being still fresh of how he took their sons for the cannon's maw.

They also hate the Bourbons, their secular oppressors. The priests labor among them to distort the republican tradition, and are likely to succeed. You will live, I am persuaded, to see the downfall of your citizen king, and the priest-deceived people refusing to let you have a republic when you want one. They will impose on you some sort of clerical despotism—perhaps the empire *minus* Bonaparte and *plus* the Jesuits. The days of July robbed me of a fondly cherished hope. I used to think your luminous intellect could not long be taken in by a system resting neither on instinct nor principle. Those participating in your government will condemn themselves to a course of unworthy expedients, the example of which will rot the fibre of the nation. You are exposing yourself to be tempted precisely where you are weakest. The best thing I can wish you is to be soon obliged to retire from office, and that for a long time."

Under the quickening influence of Maillet-Lacoste Thiers soon found work, for which he had a prodigious capacity, easier than idleness. The many-sidedness of his mind placed him foremost in most branches of learning. But no effort of the will could enable him to master foreign languages, or commit to memory long passages from the Latin and Greek authors. All he could attain to by persevering labor was to read and understand a Greek or Latin book at sight. The ideas they expressed he rapidly caught up, made his own, and retained; but the words in which they were embodied slipped from him, though when he met them again he remembered them at once. A language of Gothic origin had no hold whatever upon his mind. It was forgotten as soon as learned. When M. Thiers was engaged in his historical work he tried hard to learn German and English, in order to read the pamphlets, newspaper articles, street songs, and state papers bearing on the wars of the First Republic and of Napoleon. The labor was fruitless. The historian acquired Italian because his ears in childhood were familiarized with the Provençal dialect. He believed that but for the fact of his mother's family and friends having spoken among themselves in a Greek *patois*, Homer, in whose spirited battle-pictures he revelled, would have been to him a sealed book. But the literary aliment on which his imagination chiefly fed was not borrowed from antiquity. Boys in the public schools of France, at the beginning of the century, when Thiers was a boy, were encouraged to read

the *Moniteur*. He devoured its accounts of Napoleon's prodigious victories, and triumphal marches and counter-marches over Europe. He followed the *grande armée* over the atlas which lay in his desk, and explained to his class-fellows strategical and geographical points, and the obstacles which the conqueror overcame. The *Bulletin de l'Empire* was read aloud by professors to their pupils in the Lycées. It was written in a tawdry, declamatory style for the ignorant multitude, which furnished raw material for Bonaparte's armies, and facts were too often made to give place for high-flown epithets. Thiers amused himself by taking a bulletin of victory for a theme, and expanding it into a full account of the battle, which he read aloud at recreation in the courtyard, and carried home with him to his relations on the Sunday following. His grandmother carefully stored up these juvenile compositions, suggested by the bombastic poverty of the official newsmen's style. A sketch of the bridge of Lodi—a retrospective study—is as full of action as one of Horace Vernet's battle-pieces. These early writings, some few of which still exist, were permeated with the military spirit of the time in which they were written. Thiers's genius was awakened by the increasing din of war, and by the bonfires on the Provence mountains which blazed forth the news of land victories to hostile fleets standing out at sea. In a youthful essay he maintained, with an argumentative skill which must have astonished his preceptors, that France, to avoid being the weakest, should be the strongest of European powers. Her exceptional advantages would render her an object of covetous enmity, and tempt less favored nations to plunder her. In supporting his thesis, Thiers argued against the too easy exchange of agricultural wealth for money, which he thought would weaken the real sinews of war, and tend to the accumulation of treasure and the diminution of defensive power. He maintained that a strong population with simple habits and intelligence had more expansive power than one that was wealthy and luxurious. This idea, in 1872, governed M. Thiers's commercial policy, as shown in the Navigation Bill, and was at the bottom of his opposition to the second emperor's commercial treaties. To mathematics as to composition, Thiers applied himself at school with ardor. He had a taste for them, and knew that proficiency in them would, if he grew tall enough to qualify him for military service, enable him to

make a figure in the army. Fifty-eight years later, his early love for science came out again. At Tours, in the month of October, 1870, he procured a whole library of scientific works, which he studied with ardor. This occupation calmed the fever into which he was thrown by the memorable events of that year, and the political inactivity in which he was kept by the jealousy of the delegate government, and the fears of M. Clement Laurier, lest one so expert in the analysis and management of budgets should interfere with the financial schemes in which he had embarked. At Bordeaux he went through a course of physics and chemistry in the following months of November and December.

Thiers having in 1814 completed the university curriculum, his *demi-bourse* dropped, and he returned to the house in which he first saw the light. The long blockade and the naval triumphs of the English had well-nigh reduced Marseilles to a state of inanition. His grandmother, to whom he owed so much, had let the lower floors of her house to a shopkeeper, and had anticipated several years' rent. She was sharing her pittance with Madame Thiers in the garret story. The latter did what she could to earn a little money, sometimes doing needlework for an army contractor, sometimes keeping the accounts of her mother's tenant, and sometimes, in the hot weather, selling iced coffee on a stand in the Place St. Michel. One of her daughters had learned confectionery. She it was who set up a *table d'hôte* in the Rue Basse du Rempart, and placed on the signboard "Pension bourgeoise de Madame Ripert, sœur de M. Thiers, ancien Président du Conseil du Roi Louis Philippe." A stepdaughter had started on a gay career, and subsequently died in a hospital at Carpentras. There were other children in a miserable condition, for whom Adolphe ultimately provided. To Charles he gave a consular appointment, and he bought a farm in Normandy for Isabelle, who died there unmarried, in the year 1874.

Thiers cheated this wretchedness by borrowing books and by reading in the town library. The godfathers continued to ask him to their houses, and were in many ways useful to him. He contributed to his own support by painting miniatures, a branch of art in which he attained excellence. He often exercised himself in oratory in the cockloft in which he slept. His grandmother and a lad of his age were his audience. The former thought him superior to Mirabeau, whom she had heard.

He at that time cultivated the Ciceronian period, and also the bombastic manner of Napoleon's military harangues. At ROLLARDIN'S table he sustained discussions with Royalists—who were then on the winning side—in a more natural, and we may suppose more effective style. His warm-hearted old friend advised him to go to the bar, the army being closed against him on account of his dwarfish stature.

Barthelière and Chénier, on the other hand, advised his entering a counting-house, where he would be received on advantageous conditions. But Thiers was too fond of the muses to forsake them. He somehow imagined he was to play a great part in the history of his country, but did not well see how he could open to himself a literary and public career. Old Madame Amic found him the means. Encouraged by her friends, and by a non-juring priest of whom she took counsel, she realized her little property so far as she was able, and went to settle at Aix, an old parliamentary town, rich in historical remains and in châteaux stored with works of art. There there was a law-school of repute, which her grandson entered in 1816. In it he made the acquaintance of Mignet, his true and inseparable friend forever after. Thiers was gifted with an irrepressibly sanguine spirit. He used to divert himself at Aix, planning how to rule France when he should be a minister. "*Quand je serais ministre*," was often in his mouth. On reaching the ministerial altitude, he was to drive an unfortunate old apple-woman, whose stall faced the law-school, in a coach and four through the town, and bid the prefect appoint her son *concierge* to the prefecture. The latter part of the promise he kept. Moreover, he used to tell his mother and grandmother that out of his ministerial salary he would buy a certain cottage in the romantic village of Bouc, half-way between Marseilles and Aix. He was better than his word. In 1832 he sent for the former to share with him the grandeur of his ministerial residence; but feeling herself out of her element there, and disliking the cold, foggy winter of Paris, she elected for the Bouc cottage, where Mme. Amic was already comfortably installed. In this retreat they both died at advanced ages, as their tombstones testify.

If M. Thiers had sought through France he could not have found at this stage of his career another institution so well fitted to prepare him for the course he was to run as the one to which he went to study law. Aix was the capital of Provence

under René of Anjou. From the time of its union with France, it was, in the old juridical language, a *pays d'état*. It enjoyed privileges unknown elsewhere, except at Marseilles, and was the seat of a parliament for a hundred years. The scenery about it is superb, and the town and its environs are in themselves an historical museum. There was much wealth in the locality, which, with the liberties enjoyed by a highly gifted race of people, conduced to intellectual activity. Mignet was an Aixois. His social relations there were valuable to Thiers. They embraced opulent and very hospitable parliamentary families spared by the Revolution. The Marquis d'Albertas had a gallery of which any monarch might have been proud, and culled from every modern state in which art had flourished. Vanloo's genius was discovered by an Albertas, and his pencil employed to decorate the château. The Marquis de Lagoy was an amateur of rare medals, in collecting which he had encumbered his estates. He had had the good fortune, when the armies of Bonaparte were plundering Italian villas, palaces, convents, and galleries, to acquire portfolios filled with sketches and drawings of the old masters. The collection formed by the Marquis de Bourguignon de Fabrigoule he had since left to the museum of Aix. The Marquis de la Rochette and M. Sallier, by whom the finances of the Bouches du Rhone were then directed, had also galleries and private museums in which comparative studies could be made of ancient and modern schools, and history learned from Gallo-Roman bronzes, coins, marbles, cameos, and inscriptions. Thiers, who intuitively turned to what was beautiful in art and nature, here formed healthy and refined tastes. He endeavored, when fame and fortune had crowned his industrious youth and manhood, to reproduce in his house in the Place St. Georges what he remembered in the mansions of the parliamentary notables at Aix.

The French aristocracy of the eighteenth century had one very salient virtue: it was disposed to encourage merit wherever it might be found. In its social usages, apart from the court of Versailles, it was in this respect democratic. Rousseau, after giving a picture of the corruption and giddiness of the ladies of rank who directed opinion, hastened to say their faults were redeemed by their penetration in discerning the meritorious, and their generosity in aiding and bringing them forward if they were poor and in obscurity.

The parliamentary families of Aix adhered under the restoration to the intellectual traditions of the last century. Thiers was taken up and cherished by some of them. He was a delicious toy for old Voltairean nobles. No doubt they objected to his politics, which were Jacobin; but they put up with him for the sake of his loquacious wit, and the zest it gave to the conversation in which he mingled. A *salon* or a *cercle* where he talked became an intellectual gymnasium. To exercise himself in full liberty in dialectics, he at this time formed a club called the Cénacle. At first it was intended for none but law-students; but judges tinged with liberalism, and nobles who wished well to the new reforms, having sought to join it and being admitted, it grew into one of the first debating societies in France. Its founder was its youngest member. Mignet was a year older. D'Arlatan de Lauris was already a judge of the court of appeal and a member of the Academy of Aix, a circumstance which enabled him to render the master-mind of the Cénacle a service that opened to him the road to the far-off capital.

Eleven miles from Aix, on the southern flank of Mount Libaou, in the midst of woods and cascades, and standing out on a rocky platform, there is a feudal castle, square, massive, and gloomy, with turrets at its angles. Its vast hall, built by the Romans, was an armory, in which are collected weapons of all ages and countries. The other apartments, some of them of grandiose proportions, are sculptured and painted by master-hands. Cardinal Isard was the owner of this castle in 1818, and had constructed an oratory wherein to enshrine the body of St. Severin, presented to him by Pius VII. Before the castle had come into his possession it belonged to the Vauvenargues family, and was presented to Joseph de Clapiers Vauvenargues, first consul of Aix, as a reward for his devotion in relieving the victims of the great Marseilles plague. He was the father of Vauvenargues the moralist, who died at the age of thirty-two, in the retreat of Prague, and was styled by Voltaire the "master-mind of the eighteenth century." D'Arlatan de Lauris was connected with the De Vauvenargues, and took Thiers to see their castle. He also recommended him to the cardinal, who received him graciously and asked him to come often and study the old rooms and hall in detail. While there Thiers conceived the idea of writing the life of Vauvenargues, which he confided

to D'Arlatan. Being without money he proposed to publish by subscription. His friend not only encouraged him in the idea, but — without revealing his motive, which was to do a kindness to the young student — he suggested to the Academy to grant a prize of five hundred francs for an eulogium on Vauvenargues. His pretext was that they should not be surpassed in liberality by the Academy of Nismes, which had offered the same sum for an essay on Charles VII. That prize had been won by Mignet. He went to Nismes to be crowned towards the end of 1820, and thence to Paris to find materials for another prize offered by the Academy of Inscriptions "on the state of government and legislation in France at the accession of St. Louis, and the institutions founded by that king." But to return to Aix and Thiers.

The essays on Vauvenargues were to be sent in anonymously, with sealed envelopes containing the authors' names. Thiers having read his at the Cénacle, the secret of his authorship got out. One half of the Academy was for him, and the other half against. The adjudication was put off to the next session. Thiers for this paper obtained an honorable mention. But in the interval between the two sessions, he wrote in a different style, and from another point of view, a second essay. The faithful Mignet, to whom he sent it, transcribed and posted the copy in Paris. It had for its epigraph, "Man is in the world to act; the greater his activity the better he accomplishes his destiny." Action, the essayist regarded as the supreme rule and end of life, and freedom and energy to act the supreme felicity of existence. This estimate of happiness was sincere. M. Thiers had no experience of the beatific vision of the Hindoo. Incentives to devouring activity rejuvenated him when he was old, and rescued him from the physician's hands when medicine and hygienics failed. But to pursue the narrative of his life, and show more completely the slender hinge upon which his destinies and the greater ones involved in them turned. The stratagem of the Paris postmark succeeded. Aix rang with laughter when the trick played on the royalists was discovered. There were public rejoicings in honor of Thiers. The Cénacle gave a banquet in his honor, at which he announced his intention of starting immediately for Paris. On the day following he was entertained in the name of the liberal party by M. Borely, an eccentric judge, and an offer was made

him of a seat in the Chamber for Aix at the next vacancy. It was not however accepted before 1830.

It is commonly and erroneously understood that Thiers and Mignet journeyed together from Aix to Paris. His fellow-traveller was Méry, one of the brilliant band turned out by Marseilles under the restoration. They passed through Burgundy in the merry vintage season, seeking hospitality in farmhouses and country inns, often dining at the wayside on bread and cheese and a bunch of grapes, and visiting the noteworthy places lying near their route. Weary of body and sore of foot, but buoyant with hope, Thiers entered the *maison meublée*, in the Passage Montesquieu, in the garret of which Mignet lodged. In the darkness of the unlighted corridor the tired traveller knocked at the wrong door. The room he fell upon was occupied by another Marseillais, Rabbe, a polemist, rugged, violent, forcible, and pitiless, who, for the ill-luck of the monarchy, was drifted by a domestic hurricane to Paris. He was giving a bowl of hot wine to some brother Bohemians, when he heard a knock at the door. On opening, a little man with a bundle in his hand entered, and said he was looking for M. Mignet, whom Rabbe knew to be out. The stranger asked to be allowed to sit down until his friend's return, and advanced towards the table looking wistfully at the hot wine. He wore a coat that had been green and was faded into yellow, tight buff trousers too short to cover his ankles, and dusty and glossy from long use, a pair of clumsy Blucher boots, and a hat worthy of a place in an antiquary's cabinet. He face was tanned a deep brown, and a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles covered half his face.

Mignet, when he entered, embraced him. In the expansiveness of his joy he asked him to share his room. He spoke of himself as a millionaire, which relatively to the recipient of his hospitality he was. Had he not been awarded a first prize by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres for his essay on France under St. Louis? and had not Chatelain, his fellow-townsmen, charged him with the foreign editorship of the *Courier Français*, in which he was pelting away at the monarchy in a series of letters on English history? But in sharing his poor chamber he did not forget that Madame Thiers had said to him of her son—"Adolphe will never go afoot. He will first hang on to the back of a carriage, and then work his way to the top, throw the driver over and

seize hold of the reins." It may be observed that she spoke in anger, which is cruel. When she so denounced her son, she was excited by the assassination of the Duc de Berri and the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, events which did not shake his political opinions. But it may here be observed that, in his old age, M. Thiers returned so far to the royalism of his mother as to speak with unfeigned admiration of the good faith and chivalrous impulses of the Comte de Chambord, "*qui n'a jamais voulu mettre son drapeau dans sa poche.*"

While Mignet was deducing from his moral consciousness a system of English policy applicable, as he thought, to France, Thiers was spending his days in the museums and public libraries. Party passions had reached a white-heat pitch in 1821. Napoleon had just died. The government was in the hands of old *émigrés*, who had forgotten nothing of the ancient *régime* and learned nothing of the new, for the simple reason that they were at Coblenz, and elsewhere abroad, while the changes effected by the Revolution were operating. On the other side there was a youthful nation. The carnage of Bonaparte's wars had left France, in 1814, peopled with aged men, women young, old, and middle-aged, and boys. The State might have been likened to a ship in full sail, in a heavy sea, with an inexperienced pilot, and without ballast. There were scarcely any men in the prime of life. Guizot—a patriarch among the liberals of 1821—was entering his thirty-third year. Royalists tore Voltaire out of his grave, and threw his bones into a ditch, pursued the old Conventionals, and made Louvel's crime a pretext for a movement to restore the lands, confiscated and sold by the revolutionary government, to their rightful owners, and to re-establish entails and primogeniture. Republicans called Marie Antoinette a Messalina, and a traitor to the country over which she reigned. In thus throwing stones at her they hoped to hit the Duchesse de Berri, her niece, a dissipated, thoughtless, and fanatical princess, and her daughter, the childless Duchesse d'Angoulême, to whom misfortune had imparted bitterness, without the majesty of trials nobly borne. She was the queen in expectancy. Her husband—in most things a nullity—had very decided opinions about the Revolution and the liberals: for just then nobody was bold enough to call himself a Revolutionist or a Bonapartist. Thiers—who knew very little

about the Revolution beyond the fact that it enabled Bonaparte, at that time his hero, to overrun Europe—thought he should like to study the men engaged in it. This he did in the *Moniteur* and the other gazettes published in Paris in the interval between Turgot's dismissal and the 18th Brumaire. He found all the journals that he wanted at the Bibliothèque Royale. The notes he took there were the commencement of his history, which grew up under his hand almost of itself. Mignet simultaneously began his history of the Revolution, which was published in 1824, and at once attained a European reputation. Six translations of it were brought out in the course of three years in Germany alone.

Thiers was called to the Aix bar. His acumen and legal knowledge were admitted by his brethren of the long robe, and by the judges there. Rollardin, to keep him in the south, promised to obtain for him the best commercial clients at Marseilles. In emigrating to Paris, he counted a good deal on his professional knowledge as a means of advancement. But when he arrived there, he found that his poverty excluded him from practising as a barrister. To belong to the order of advocates in Paris it is not enough to have passed brilliant examinations. The council of the order must be satisfied that the person seeking admittance is already in receipt of an income placing him above the temptations of want. Moreover, he must have a respectably furnished domicile, and produce proof that the furniture is paid for. The admission fees were not very heavy; but they were altogether beyond the reach of Thiers, whose fortune was comprised in the five hundred francs awarded him by the Aix Academy, and a small sum which his grandmother had squeezed out of her narrow pittance. He had therefore to lay aside the reasonable ambition of making a name and winning honorable ease at the Paris bar. His pen, or perhaps his pencil, was the sole resource that remained to him. Fans were studied in the shop windows, and an attempt was made to paint others. Applications for employment were addressed to booksellers and newspaper editors, and accompanied by copies of the prize essay. A letter of introduction from Dr. Arnaud, a member of the Cénacle, was forwarded to Manuel, the deputy for Marseilles, a narrow-minded, hot-headed man, who, however, was endowed with the fervid eloquence of the south, and was intelligent enough to see the irremediable incompati-

bility between the Bourbons and revolutionary France. When he received the letter, he made a memorandum of it with the intent of making an appointment with M. Thiers. But in the stirring parliamentary incidents which his daring attacks on the monarchy called forth, he forgot all about it. Thiers heard that the Duc de Laroche-foucauld Liancourt wanted a secretary, and lay in wait in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies for Manuel, from whom, on making himself known, he obtained a recommendation to the duc, with another to Bodin of the *Constitutionnel*. There is hardly a biographer of Thiers who does not confound this passage of his life with the riot in the Salle des Pas Perdus provoked by Manuel's arrest. Manuel was torn from his seat by the collar by two *gendarmes*, and dragged to gaol. Thiers, then reporting for a newspaper, rushed from the gallery, and, reckless of the danger which he ran, harangued the bystanders, and called on them to rescue their outraged representative like men. This happened soon after the death of Louis XVIII. (a king in many points resembling our Charles II.), and in the beginning of the *règne du parti prêtre* under Charles X., the mitigated James II. of the house of Bourbon. General Foy also died this year, and Thiers organized a monster manifestation at his funeral—to protest against the grant of an indemnity of a *milliard* to the *émigrés*, and against the sacrilege law, in virtue of which a man who insulted the host in a street procession was condemned to lose his hand. The *incident Manuel* and the Foy funeral made Thiers known to the turbulent youth, the discontented Bonapartist officers, and the disaffected *prolétaires*. But more than two years before these events took place he had obtained and resigned the secretaryship at the Duc de Liancourt's, and had become a journalist under Manuel's auspices.

This is how he entered the *Constitutionnel*. They wanted an art critic; Thiers was asked if he thought himself equal to a review of the Salon,—a task proposed by an editor anxious at once to honor Manuel's recommendation, and to rid himself of his *protégé*, whose æsthetic education he was far from suspecting. Thiers's first notice was a literary event. Delacroix, then an unknown artist, had exhibited his "Dante and Virgil in Hell." Thiers wrote "that of all the pictures in the Salon, this was the one that most revealed a coming master. One saw in it a powerful conception and the free flow of

talent. It presented with epic force to the critic's eye the selfishness and despair of hell. In the treatment of a subject which lay on the confines of the fantastic, severity of taste was observable. The drawing, which hasty judges might think deficient in dignity, was, whatever were its defects, redeemed by the truth of the details, and the fidelity with which the poet's vision was rendered. The pencil was ample and firm, the color vigorous, though perhaps crude. Delacroix designed his figures, grouped them, and set them in action with the boldness of a Michael Angelo and the fecundity of a Rubens."

Of David's "Rape of the Sabines" he said: "In making these reflections in the interest of art present and future, we do not the less consider David in the light of a great master. A man who has worked a revolution in the taste of a nation with so keen a perception of the beautiful as the French must be an artist of the highest order. He has rendered an important service to our school. But it is undesirable that a superstitious admiration of his works should prevent new geniuses from coming forward. We must take care not to imprison present and future art in the limits of a style which in the hands of imitators must become cold and pedantic. No doubt a prime condition of art is correctness of outline. But it may be asked whether under this pretext critics do not check the inspiration of those artists who seek to throw more life, more health, and more of nature's truth and freshness into their works. M. David delivered us from the conventions of the eighteenth century. He formed others, the destruction of which in their turn should not annoy him and his admirers. One epoch should never be jealous of another; nor should those who have made a step forward prevent others from making another."

Thus M. Thiers's first achievement was to deliver French art from the pseudo-classic tyranny of David, and to obtain justice for Delacroix, whom Baron Gros had publicly called a lunatic and a sign-board dauber. The management of the *Constitutionnel*, judging Thiers by the success of his Salon, gave him permanent and well-paid employment. His department was the "*Variétés*" on the third page. They were to embrace literary criticisms, biographies, and scientific papers well baited to catch idle readers. The next telling article was a review of Montlosier's "French Monarchy." Montlosier was a eulogist of Louis Quatorze, whom Thiers condemned because on its road to

St. Denis his body was neglected by his courtiers, and followed by the imprecations of the people. The reviewer maintained that had Louis Quatorze been a great king, who exercised despotism for the glory of the nation, his death would have been attended with a reaction in his favor; and the Parisians — who are prompt to strike in anger, but quick to forget and forgive the faults of patriotic though severe rulers — would have followed his hearse in silent sorrow. Fifty-six years after this judgment was passed the people of Paris, oblivious of the hard chastisement inflicted on them by M. Thiers, escorted his remains in speechless grief to the tomb in Père la Chaise.

Thiers's literary merits and dash rapidly brought up the *Constitutionnel* to be the leading organ of the *bourgeoisie*. He was endowed with nothing short of a genius for journalism. Prompt, agile, gifted with ready tact, and quick to feel the public pulse, and to divine smouldering passions and bring them to the surface, he instinctively eluded the snares and pitfalls in his road. When the superior deities refused to listen to him, he knew well how to array the Acherontians on his side, though in rousing them he ever took high ground. Sentiments and ideas which vaguely agitated the multitude he shaped with ready skill into clear aphorisms, which circulated like current coin. He did not fear repeating himself, but was careful to vary the form of his repetitions. It was an axiom of his that when a speaker wants to carry away a stolid assembly or uncultured mass, he should often present the same argument, but each time in a new verbal dress. Thiers had a native repugnance to what was hazy. His mind turned, of itself, towards the light. However obscure a controverted point, he laid his finger, as if by intuition, on the knot of the question, and, with an address that charmed the bystanders, undid the bewildering tangle. Louis XVIII.'s death heightened the growing antagonism between royalty and the nation, which had been roused from the passivity of depletion by the liberal movement in Spain, and its suppression by a French army under the Duc d'Angoulême's command. Thiers at this juncture was enjoying literary laurels culled in the Pyrenees, from which he wrote a series of letters to the *Constitutionnel* describing his holiday tour. It was asked if he might not advantageously be promoted to the political department. The manager thought he could, and, finding he struck a national chord, was for letting him work with an

unfettered pen. But the more timid shareholders sought to moderate the trenchant vigor of his polemics. To have a voice in the direction, he purchased a share with borrowed money procured through the instrumentality of Schubart, an obscure German bookseller, the original of Balzac's Schmucke, in "*Le Cousin Pons*." This Schubart used to dine at la Mère Saguets, a cheap *gargotte* in the Passage Montesquieu, with Charlet the caricaturist, Sigalon, Mignet, and Thiers, for whom his admiration was extravagant. Schubart rendered his idol the service of taking him to Baron Cotta, the opulent German publisher, and asking him to grant the loan the young journalist stood in need of. Under the new impulsion the *Constitutionnel* took a well-defined color, attained the largest circulation a French newspaper was ever known to command, and forced the king to place M. de Martignac, a dynastic liberal, at the head of the government. The debates in the Chamber furnished M. Thiers with his themes. The daily "copy" was written in a clear hand, which advanced steadily across the paper in lines wide apart to leave room for corrections. As each page was filled it was cast on the ground. The task done, a clerk picked up the sheets and set them in order. The blotting-paper was seldom used. Thiers bore interruption in speaking better than in writing. Before sitting down to his desk, he studied authorities with Benedictine patience and minuteness, and classified his subjects. But from the moment he took his broad-nibbed goose-quill in hand until he had done with it he did not raise his eyes from the quire of glazed foolscap before him. This habit, formed in the bureaux of the *Constitutionnel*, he never dropped.

His article sent to press, the rest of the evening was spent in society. As he slept in the middle of the day, he was able without fatigue to sit up late at night. Lafitte, a Bonapartist banker, and the associate in military contracts and other speculations of Ouvrard and Dosne, whose eldest daughter is now Thiers's widow, opened to him the great world of the liberal *salons*. The exquisite man of the world whom this generation will not easily forget, who was never more at home than at the Elysée receiving the representatives of the great powers, "was," says Lomenie, "remarked in Lafitte's and Talleyrand's drawing-rooms for his fluent speech and vivid southern imagination. The dwarfishness of his stature, the oddity of his visage, half hidden by a pair of goggles, the singular ca-

dence of his voice, his jerking motions, the see-saw action of his shoulders, his short legs, his want of manner, fantastic clothing, and manifest genius, contributed to fix attention on him." The fame of a duel arising from a love affair, one of the few really romantic episodes in his long existence, helped to lionize him. At Aix M. Thiers believed himself to be eternally enamored of a young girl of majestic beauty and decayed family. He courted her, wrote verses about her, was affianced, shed bitter tears in parting, and kept up a tender correspondence with her extending over many months. The fame of his newspaper articles reaching Aix, where a maiden's bloom soon fades, the young lady's father came to Paris to call upon Thiers and ask him to fulfil his promise. Poverty was pleaded in stay of execution. A year's delay was asked and granted. At the close of the twelve months there was another visit. M. Thiers vowed unalterable affection, but represented that his income, which was precarious, would not suffice to keep both his mother and a wife. He therefore begged for a further delay, which drew on him the ire of his visitor, who next day insulted him in the lobby of the Chamber. A challenge ensued. The offender's seconds were Rabbe and an Aixois lawyer, and those of the offended party Mignet and Manuel. The young lady's father was allowed to fire first. Aiming low, to make sure of his adversary, he shot between his legs. Thiers fired into the air. The match was broken off; the girl died of grief; her lover preserved an affectionate remembrance of her. Unsolicited, when he became a kingmaker and minister, he gave her brothers and father lucrative situations. Her letters and love-tokens he preserved in a drawer. In his extreme old age he was known to shed tears over them. This episode dropped from the memory of his contemporaries. A second and a hotter duel was fought with Bixio in the garden of the Chamber of Deputies in 1849, that representative having, on Thiers declaring for Louis Napoleon, taxed him with treachery. Want of physical courage was not a defect of the little great man, who in his ministerial uniform headed the troops sent to dislodge the insurgents from the Rue Transnonain, in one of the terrible street wars that disturbed and closed the reign of Louis Philippe. A witness of the discharge of Fieschi's infernal machine yet living says, that on that occasion the king remained cool, and that Thiers, undaunted by the explosion, jumped from his horse, and ran to examine

the house whence the smoke issued. A few inches taller, and his skull would have been carried away. The bullets that went over his head lodged in Marshal Mortier.

Thiers, when he was a journalist, maintained the native vigor of his mind by a strong feeding process. He never suffered his brain to grind chaff. If he wished to describe a battle he visited the fields in which it was fought, talked with the peasants, made notes of current legends, compared them with the more precise evidence, consulted strategists, studied military bulletins and commissariat returns, and checked them with the market prices. A visit to Prince Jerome Bonaparte at Florence for the purpose of obtaining the loan of historical documents, put him on the track of an intrigue carried on by Queen Hortense, Comte d'Orsay, and Lady Blessington. Its object was to open France to Napoleon's proscribed family by procuring the translation of the emperor's remains from St. Helena to the Invalides. Lord Palmerston in 1840 on learning Thiers's bellicose intentions from King Leopold — whose wife was warned by Louis Philippe — lent himself to this intrigue, as a source of embarrassment to "the government of March." Guizot, then ambassador at the court of St. James's, was instructed to defeat it, and to bribe the inhabitants of Gore House to sell him Bonapartist secrets. He declined to enter into relations with Lady Blessington, giving as his excuse the irregularity of her position. "Thus," said M. Thiers to the writer of this article, "through Guizot's false Puritanism, Louis Philippe neglected a clever woman and her still more talented paramour, whose knowledge of Bonapartist conspirators would have been invaluable in showing where to suppress ferments that were not without influence in February, '48."

When Thiers was engaged in publishing his "*Tablettes Historiques*" — which happened in the third year of his sojourn in Paris — Talleyrand met him at the Comte de Flahault's, hailed him as the leader of "*la Jeune Garde*," which he insinuated was to upset the restored monarchy. He encouraged him to visit him at the Hôtel St. Florentin, and ask for information concerning the court of Louis XVI., and the meeting of the States-General. There the young journalist grew to be the head of the liberal party, which embraced three distinct sections. Talleyrand had been offended by the royal family. To avenge himself he encouraged the "*Jeune Garde*" (Thiers, Mignet, De Ré-

musat, and Victor Cousin) to repeat the English Revolution of 1688, and to discern a William of Orange in the Duc d'Orléans, "who without stirring a step was always advancing to the throne." Louis Philippe kept aloof from the promoters of his candidature. At the same time he made the *bourgeoisie* feel that he was their man. While seeking to render himself popular by placing the Duc d'Chartres, his eldest son, in the Lycée Henry IV., he avoided Talleyrand and the *habitudes* of his Green Salon, and he never saw Thiers before the Sunday preceding the promulgation of the Ordinances. The circumstances under which they found themselves in the same room are too remarkable to be omitted here.

Thiers was on intimate terms with a Mme. de Courtchamp, the wife of a notary. This lady had a summer residence at Bessencourt, in the valley of Montmorency, near the Château St. Leu, where the children of Philippe Egalité were brought up by Madame de Genlis, where Hortense Bonaparte received the allied sovereigns, and where, on the return of the Bourbons, the last of the Condés went to live with Sophie Dawes, an Englishwoman whom he had imported from Vauxhall, and had married under false pretences to the Baron de Feuchères. At St. Leu there was a theatre, built for Madame de Genlis and her pupils. Mme. de Feuchères was fond of acting on its boards. French ladies who would not enter her drawing-room had no objection to go to her theatricals, and to talk to her and accept her refreshments in the green-room. Marie Amélie, however, with her grown-up daughter, Louise, afterwards queen of the Belgians, and her sister-in-law, Madame Adélaïde, visited the baroness. On the 25th of July there was a theatrical *fête* at the château to which Mme. de Courtchamp was asked along with her family and friends. M. Thiers had come from Paris to spend the Sunday with her, and was taken by her to the *fête*. They were placed close to the Duc d'Orléans and the baroness. Mme. de Courtchamp said in a low voice, pointing to Louis Philippe, "That's your future king." "Do you hear," cried the Englishwoman, joyously, "what this lady calls you? She says you are the future king." As the company were in the green-room in the interval between the acts an aide-de-camp of the Duc de Bourbon, who had galloped the whole way from Paris, came in with the tidings that the Ordinances were signed, and would be posted on the walls

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of Paris the next day. Thiers, hearing it, took leave of his friends. The Baroness de Feuchères ran after the notary's wife, and said, "Press him, if there should be a revolution, to think of the Duc d'Orléans. What a wise, noble king he would make! I am sure he will consent. In any case Madame Adélaïde will make him. I have congratulated her, and she takes it well."

Thiers in the days of July went back to Bessencourt. Mme. de Feuchères drove over there to tell Mme. de Courtchamp that she was going to Neuilly to influence the Orleans family. They were looking to her to obtain the Condé heritage for the Duc d'Aumale, who indeed obtained it on the death of the Duc de Bourbon in the month of August following, less seven million francs, secured (in a presumably forged will) to the baroness. M. Thiers, in retailing this anecdote to the person now writing it, ended by saying, "*Je vous dis la vérité comme si j'étais devant Dieu.*"*

The "History of the Revolution" appeared in monthly parts. Its two first volumes came out in the names of Thiers and Felix Bodin, a well-known journalist, who stood sponsor as an attraction to readers, but had no part in the authorship. From the 18th Brumaire to 1823, the date of the opening number, the name of every actor in the Revolution who did not turn against it had been delivered to obloquy. Thiers's temerity in standing up as the champion of the States-General and Convention alarmed the liberals. One newspaper only, the *Constitutionnel*, noticed the first and second volumes. The great defect of the work is its being in ten volumes, as it is the greatest defect of the "Consulate" to be in twenty. Its author had not the

time to be briefer. If his style was rapid, clear, simple, and picturesque, it was redundant and often garrulous. His muse was not draped in antique folds. She went slipshod and wore a *bourgeois* dressing-gown. The third volume was rapidly bought up. In proportion to the reactionary violence of the old *émigrés* at court the enthusiasm of the young nation for the "History" rose. Thiers stirred ashes under which fire lay smouldering. Political passions were intensified by proprietary interests which had no other justification than the justice of the Revolution. If we could imagine the French peasants and *bourgeoisie* menaced by the party of moral order with the confiscation of all the real property taken from the privileged classes in '93, we might form a vivid idea of the course of events in Charles the Tenth's reign.

The monthly parts of M. Thiers's "History" affected the nation more deeply than the speeches of M. Gambetta do now. It was unfortunate for France that, in proving the right of the active and intelligent classes to the wealth which had lain idle from time immemorial in the hands of the king, Church, and aristocracy, he provided and indeed suggested arguments to the Socialists, who up to 1830 scarcely counted in French politics. It would have been more conducive to quietness in the ensuing reign if he had simply pleaded the *fait accompli* without attempting its justification in a land where untutored men can be logicians.

Thiers, whose polemics had changed the composition of the Chamber of Deputies and wrested the administration from *le parti prêtre*, did not cease to work for the *Constitutionnel* while pursuing his engagements with the booksellers. He furthermore wrote regularly for the *Globe*, and for De Rémusat's *Encyclopédie Progressiste*. In 1828 he brought out a book on law and his financial system, and on English banking, which he afterwards studied in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, as well as his ignorance of English would admit. While driving these enterprises abreast he also drew up a plan for a universal history, to obtain materials for which he purposed spending ten years in travel along with Victor Jacquemont. La Place was preparing his voyage of circumnavigation; Thiers asked leave to join the expedition as its historiographer. He was named by M. Hyde de Neuville, on condition of his bearing all his own expenses. His outfit was bought and his sea-chest on the road to Havre, where

* Whatever chance there was of the Duc d'Orléans's elevation to the throne being sanctioned by opinion, he threw it away in shielding the Baroness de Feuchères from justice, and in accepting for his son, the Duc d'Aumale, the legacy of the Condé estates. None of the presumed murderers were tried. A property belonging to the domain of St. Leu was given to the official who cut down the duc's body from the window-bolt to which it was found attached by the neck with a cravat, tied, not in a slip, but in a tight knot. Louis Philippe's consort was a pure and virtuous princess; but when it transpired that during the Duc de Bourbon's life she had interested herself in trying to get Madame de Feuchères presented at court, and was in the habit of writing affectionate letters to her, Marie Amélie's virtues militated against the new dynasty. Those personally unacquainted with her unjustly condemned her as a hypocrite, and spoke of her as an accomplice in "the mysterious strangulation." A popular song, called "*La Reine Capotte*," wrongly attributed to Béranger, was sung under the palace windows. Its vogue was due to the aspersions which it cast on the queen. When Paris learned how she had sent her eldest son to visit the cholera patients at the *Hôtel Dieu*, this lampoon fell into discredit.

"*La Favorite*" lay, when Charles the Tenth's liberal premier, De Martignac, was brusquely dismissed, and the clerical Prince Polignac, whose policy was guided by the direct inspirations of the Virgin Mary, gazetted in his stead. This act and the May *coup de tête* of Marshal MacMahon are closely analogous. Thiers, overrating the strength of the reaction, turned back to do battle for the *bourgeoisie* against it. The generation brought up in Napoleon's Lycées was at his back. There was scarcely any middle-aged generation to moderate its youthful zeal. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master. It might be said to have had the mastery in France before it burned itself out in the days of July. Thiers, feeling the *Constitutionnel* clogged with timid shareholders averse to risk, yet eager for somebody else to strike, resolved to found a journal of his own, in which to fight the reaction with a free pen. Among all his rich and discontented friends he did not find one to stake a franc on the enterprise. He had to fall back on Mignet, Armand Carrel, and Savelot, a struggling bookseller. The paper was called the *National*. Its object was to hold the Bourbons within the charter, in the avowed hope that, finding the door shut, they would jump out of the window and break their necks. The rich *bourgeoisie* did not answer to his whip as well as he expected. The populace answered too well. At a review the dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri were menaced by the mob, and the troops looked on with folded arms. Thiers, who certainly was urged to action by no mean motive, afterwards regretted, and with reason, that he had not waited a little. France was not yet ripe for the revolution of which he was the artificer. Having hastened its outbreak, he had not the power or the wisdom to bring it to a happy issue.

"Who are they now imitating in Paris?" wrote Cavour to his French Egeria. In 1830 there were two opposing currents of imitation. At the Tuileries the energetic, ruthless, half-barbarous czar Nicholas, the secret ally of the French court in a plan for remodelling the maps of Europe and northern Africa, was set up by the Gascon Polignac as a model to the weak-brained, amiable, and bigoted old king, who had passed his youth at the fancy farm of the Trianon, in playing the part of Colin in the "*Devin du Village*." Benjamin Constant, the founder of the *doctrinaires*, and his adepts were full of the English Revolution of 1688, which, without at all understanding, they wished to repeat,

but did not exactly know how. But the last thing they would have thought of was an appeal to the fighting faubourgs. Thiers's love of action, in his prime, was excessive. He was imbued with the military spirit of the empire, and, though not rancorous or revengeful, was fired by a feeling of hatred against the dynasty. Hatred is a distorting medium, and it misled Thiers. Talleyrand, who had an antipathy to straight lines in politics, while encouraging him in his revolutionary strategy, pushed him into the *doctrinaire* current. Armand Carrel stood out against the *bourgeoisie* monarchy when it was mooted to him; Mignet and De Rémusat were committed to it in their newspaper articles, and would on no account retract what they had advanced. Thiers, who at the beginning of 1830 had no distinct aim beyond forcing Charles X. to "break his neck," allowed Carrel, who was a downright sort of man, to write in a republican sense. The court winked at his leaders; but it could not help taking issue on the one in which Thiers held up the Duc d'Orléans as the constitutional rival of the unconstitutional king. He was prosecuted. Before a week was over a patriotic subscription covered the fine of seventy-five thousand francs imposed upon him. This manifestation was met by the Ordinances, which cowed the two hundred and twenty-one deputies, who had just been re-elected against the king and De Polignac, and intimidated the *bourgeoisie* which had fattened under the empire and during the sojourn of the Allies in Paris. Thiers, with the utmost difficulty, and as much by dint of finessing—in which he was assisted by De Rémusat—as by force of eloquence, prevailed on forty out of the forty-three editors of journals who, at the first alarm, ran on Monday morning to deliberate at the *National* office—to sign the protest which he drew up in their presence. Having heard of the Ordinances on Sunday night at St. Leu, he was not taken by surprise. He sent the protest to press, and, at considerable personal risk, superintended the printing. Standing on the shoulders of Nestor Roqueplan, a young Marseillais journalist—the only Nestor, the wits remarked, among the men of 1830—he posted the document on the walls of his own house in the Rue de la Grange Batelière. On the 27th his *doctrinaire* friends and the two hundred and twenty-one were preparing to fly from him. The stone flung by a child from the rubbish of a house in the Palais Royal, which the Duc d'Orléans had freshly de-

molished, and the deadly reprisals taken, happened just as Thiers was beginning to lose heart. The boy's corpse, borne by some masons, was made a rallying-point for the excited populace, which marched through the centre of the city, crying, "Death to the murderers of the innocent!"

Thiers, coming out of the house of Cadet Gassecourt in the Rue St. Honoré — where he was organizing a committee of resistance — met the excited crowd. In the street he found himself between the armed populace and the soldiers, who were headed by a Bonapartist officer known to him. The order to fire was on the colonel's lips. Thiers cried, "*Vive la ligne!*" A glance of intelligence passed between him and the colonel, which the foremost *émeutiers* noticing, gave a sign to the people to disperse to the right and left into the side streets, to rally again in a few moments. The troops marched to the Hôtel de Ville. The same evening De Rémusat, who acted as a scout for Thiers in the days of July, ran to tell him of a meeting at Guizot's. Generals Sebastiani, Gérard, and Lobau, Lafitte the banker, Casimir Périer, Mangin, and others were consulting there on the best way of patching up the quarrel with the court. Thiers flew to the Rue Ville l'Évêque, where he was coldly received, Guizot reproaching him with confounding the desire with the power of the government, which he himself thought too weak to be long dangerous. The generals were ill disposed towards the dynasty. However, on military grounds they advised submission. Assuming that Paris was going to rise, the insurrection would be hemmed in near the Hôtel de Ville and crushed. Prompted by the widow and son of Marshal Ney, his own son-in-law, Lafitte started a plan for sending a deputation to Marmont, the minister of war, avowedly to protest against fratricidal bloodshed, but really to ascertain the price he would set upon inaction. While minister and banker were parleying, which they did with an affectation of blunt honesty, Royer Collard came to warn Thiers that a warrant was out for his arrest and that of his partners in the *National*. Dejected at the weak-kneed attitude of the *bourgeoisie*, who pretended to see nothing but a *gasconade* in the Polignac Ordinances, they all went to hide, first in the Vale of Montmorency, and then at St. Ouen, at the house of a royalist lady, a friend of De Rémusat's, who undertook to keep them informed of the course of events. He sent them word next morning that Paris was well up, and

Marmont opposing the revolution feebly. They might return in safety, which they at once did. Had they remained a few hours more away the crisis would have had a different end. In their absence the *National* had become the headquarters of the insurrection. They found it in possession of Cavaignac, Bastide, and Joubert, the inventor of barricades. Thiers was received with the cry of *Vive la républicaine!* Before he had time to look about him De Rémusat again ran in to apprise him of a meeting at Lafitte's to consider proposals expected from the king. Thiers went thither in breathless haste, and got there before Charles's envoys. In vehement terms he addressed the meeting, saying that what the situation required was not a change of government but a change of dynasty. It was argued that the king was too weak to do much harm. Thiers answered that the country did not need a weak administration, but one strong in the confidence of France, and willing and able to restore her to her legitimate rank in Europe. What dynasty would he propose? he was asked. Napoleon II. was, for the time being, out of the question. The few present favorable to a republic only thought of one as an expedient for keeping open the Bonapartist succession. Thiers cited 1688. Louis Philippe's name was advanced. But would that prince risk accepting a crown which the great powers might force him to relinquish?

Thiers thought of what he had heard at St. Leu, which emboldened him to go to Neuilly and make an offer of the crown. But what of the victorious populace which had borne the brunt of the battle? De Rémusat undertook to gain his kinsman Lafayette, and, by his instrumentality, Paris to the Orleans scheme. It was De Rémusat who proposed holding the regal title in reserve, until the victors of the barricades had laid down their muskets. Meanwhile, the Duc d'Orléans was to bear the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Ary Scheffer, the drawing-master of the young Orleans princesses, offered to go with Thiers and procure him an audience of the duc or duchesse, or Madame Adélaïde. The Prince de la Moskowa placed his carriage at their disposal. The roundabout drive they were forced to take to Neuilly was interrupted by dangerous adventures which would have filled a superstitious man with dark apprehensions, and which did shake Thiers's nerves. On reaching the duc's villa the Ulysses sent to negotiate with him was

shown to his Highness's cabinet. A blue-eyed, flaxen-haired lady of noble presence, Marie Amélie, granddaughter of Marie Thérèse, a niece of Marie Antoinette, entered. She informed M. Thiers that the duc was at Riancy, in the Forest of Bondy. The envoy then stated his mission. He was dusty and grimy, and his dress disordered; the duchesse treated him with *hauteur*, spoke severely of the part the *National* had taken in working Paris into a revolutionary fever, and refused the crown in her husband's name. Madame Adélaïde here came in. Thiers suspected, and always retained the suspicion, that the Duc d'Orléans was eavesdropping, and had instructed her what to say. It was his opinion that they both thought Marie Amélie had been too categorical. M. Thiers again stated his mission to the princess. No man ever knew better how to bait a hook. Very frank, very outspoken in public, and on the whole very consistent in his politics, which were rather "national than liberal," he was of Carthaginian subtlety in turning difficulties and recruiting adherents. So he audaciously pointed to the flaw in the title to the colossal estates which the giddy, warm-hearted Duchesse de Berri had wheedled the king into restoring to the Orleans family; an illegal act of favor, it may be observed, which gave consistency to the report that the court intended to restore the properties confiscated at the Revolution to their rightful owners. Charles Dix, M. Thiers declared, was down forever; unless Louis Philippe replaced him he would be unable to retain the appanages he inherited from the illegitimate children of Mme. de Montespan and Louis Quatorze. The republicans would — and that legally — take them from him, and then plunder the rest of his property. "I am," said Thiers, "a son of the Revolution. I know the audacity of its *personnel*. The Duc d'Orléans's popularity is our only safeguard. His refusal will facilitate the success of the republicans, who, after devouring him and his, will turn round and rend us." The princess, affecting to be struck by the great and noble part her brother could perform in saving France from a second republic, which she assumed would take the guillotine for its fulcrum, assured M. Thiers that Louis Philippe would devote himself to the country and accept the crown. At his request she agreed to go in the evening into Paris, escorted by General Sebastiani, and repeat this promise to a meeting of the deputies. Two days previously

the Baroness de Feuchères had been at Neuilly.

De Rémusat with equal success conducted the negotiations at the Hôtel de Ville, where Lafayette was bent on setting himself up as a second Washington.

Thiers was a fatalist in theory. His whole active life was in contradiction to his fatalism. Yet the consequences of his actions justified his fatalistic doctrines. Wounded patriotic pride moved him at Aix, and in the *Constitutionnel*, to attack the elder branch, whom the Allies had imposed on France. The revolution of his making did not get rid of the subservience of the government to foreign States. Indeed it was a link in the great chain of causes which culminated in the mighty westward roll of the Teutonic wave in 1870. His aim, indefinite in January, when he was founding the *National*, had clearly shaped itself in July. It was to erect a monarchy of which he would be the master, and employ it in restoring the military glory of France. He thought a king owing him his crown, of domestic habits, fond of counting up his money, and intelligent enough to understand his minister's value and his own weakness, would hamper him less than a turbulent democracy, in executing his design. His mistake was in not testing the temper of the tool before he entered on the task. Louis Philippe and Thiers did not complete each other. They got in one another's way. As citizen king, the July monarch was without that social *prestige* in which the English hereditary queen finds a compensation for her limited authority. The day Hélène de Mecklenburg, Duchesse d'Orléans, made her entry into Paris, an apple-woman said to a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain, "Is it fair of you, who can see the bride at the Tuileries, to shut out my view of her?" "What a mistake!" returned the lady. "You have much more chance than I of being invited to the court balls of the *bourgeois* Philippe." The republicans railed at him for impeding the revolution in accomplishing its destinies. He was fond of power, but under the constitution he was to have no personal action on public affairs, and not being an elector, or a national guard, or a deputy or a juror, he was less than the plainest *bourgeois*. Meantly prudent in his foreign policy, he would risk his good name and the peace of France to further the advantageous settlement of a son or daughter. Lord Palmerston was enabled to defeat Thiers's spirited policy in consequence of the Princesse Louise d'Or-

léans's marriage with King Leopold. Unhindered by Louis Philippe, Thiers would have taken up what was national and progressive in the Bonapartist tradition. The early laurels of Louis Napoleon, and the commanding place he took up in Europe in 1852, show that M. Thiers was not over-sanguine in his estimate of the fighting force of France. He urged Louis Philippe to brave the powers whom Talleyrand feared, by sending an expedition into Belgium. "This is," he said, on hearing of the fall of Antwerp, "a good beginning; there must be at least twenty years' war, which I hope to direct, before France will be her own mistress; and Europe find her real balance." In the opening years of the monarchy, the incompatible tempers of the king and the kingmaker did not appear, the latter having thrice refused a portfolio, until he had served an apprenticeship in a subordinate department. To enable himself to master exchequer business, an institution of the empire was revived in his favor, and he was made councillor of state to the finance ministry. Practically he directed this department the whole of the time that he was under-secretary to Baron Louis Lafitte and Casimir Périer. He emerged from the penumbra when he thought "Providence stood in need of him to crush the Duchesse de Berri's Vendean rising." The unlooked-for termination of that Legitimist movement brought much odium on M. Thiers and his monarch. A caricature of 1832 gives a back view of Louis Philippe in a court dress, tricolored clocks to his silk stockings, and tricolored ribbons bordering his sabots. He has a bunch of gaoler's keys in one hand, and the charter in the other, and is seated on three cages. "Blaye" is written on the uppermost, in which there is a fair young lady, the Duchesse de Berri, weeping. In the two lower ones are "La Force," and "La Bicêtre," filled with journalists and beaten *émeutiers*. Underneath is the ditty:—

Le Roi po, po, po,
Le Roi pu, pu, pu,
Le Roi po,
Le Roi pu,
Le Roi po, pu, laire.

Notwithstanding this, the "popular" king was a clement prince, and Thiers was not a bloodthirsty minister. He disliked useless loss of life. But if fighting was inevitable he did not mind what number of men were slain. He had an unavowed leaning towards Lynch law, and a repugnance to executions in cold blood. This

explains at once his terrible severity in dealing with insurrections, and his leniency to Prince Louis Napoleon after the Strassburg affair, and to Bazaine and the officials of the third empire. In putting down rebellion he was outwardly a stickler for legality. His hardest actions were sanctioned by the letter of the law. The immorality of a law did not trouble him. Whatever he saw he saw well; but he was too short-sighted to perceive what dreadful ferments would be occasioned by using weapons forged by dishonest legislators. Law was rigorously followed in the military tribunals which went on sitting after the fall of the Commune, and still sit. Yet in itself and in its consequences this expedient was odious and fraught with danger. M. Thiers's excuse before posterity will be that between the White Terrorists of the Assembly and a Bonapartist conspiracy, fostered by Prince Bismarck, he was forced to hurry on the peace negotiations. M. Thiers had nobody near him save M. St. Hilaire, to support him in his wish for an amnesty from which only the murderers of the generals at Montmartre and of the hostages should be excluded. The Republican members of his cabinet were opposed to clemency—M. Jules Simon from fear of passing for a Communal in the Assembly, M. Victor Lefranc from ambition to marry his two children to the son and daughter of Samazeuil the financier, M. Dufaure from native hardness, and M. Jules Favre from weakness, and incapacity to resist the loud, undiscerning cry for vengeance on the Federals. Thiers pleaded warmly for Rossel before the "Pardons Committee," but his eloquence was lost on M. Piou, the vice-chairman. He secretly protected Rochefort and Courbet, and connived at the escape of numbers of misled but excellent persons, who would have been shot if sent to stand their trials before courts-martial. I heard him say, on the eve of the general elections of 1876, that he had no option between harshness to the prisoners and/ a revolt which would have brought the Germans down again on France. For a whole week there were twenty thousand captives, and scarcely four hundred police, soldiers, and *gendarmes* to guard them. Orders were given to shoot pitilessly any one who grumbled, any one showing a disposition to mutiny, or to escape; and to arrest anybody found commiserating the vanquished.

Thiers's advent to power, which in all his long career he exercised for little more than five years, was always coincident with wide-spread tumult and insurrec-

tion. His antecedents under the July government deprived him of the moral force which might have enabled him to show more leniency than he did in putting down the risings under Louis Philippe's reign. Workmen did not see by virtue of what divine or other law the middle classes were to have the monopoly of revolt. "The gentleman-premier," Comte Molé, was able to grant the amnesty which Thiers felt bound to refuse. In the "*Procès de la Cour des Pairs*," Carrel and Cavaignac charged him with first inciting the Parisians to rebel, and then cheating them out of the republic they had won, and of which he himself became eventually the patron. The part he acted in the days of July stood in his way in 1848, and again in 1871, when he was suspected of playing the game of the royalists. This suspicion did more than anything else to fan the flames of civil war in 1871. Nevertheless, it was unjust. M. Thiers then wished to stand by the republican form of government, for which he had pronounced at Berryer's funeral, and again at Bordeaux, when the news of the fall of Paris reached him there. Both there and at Tours he repeatedly told the diplomats in communication with him, that nothing else was possible. When the Orleans princes—who in violation of the law were staying at the Duc Decaze's seat at Grave, near Libourne—came privately to see M. Thiers at the Hôtel de France, he intreated them to go back to England and stay there till France had calmed down, and the statute proscribing them was repealed. They appealed to his *dévouement* as an old minister of Louis Philippe to become their partisan. Thiers expressed his respect for the late king, but told them that he was the servant of his country alone. When they went away Madame Thiers asked whom he had been talking with in his bedroom. "Les Princes d'Orléans. Ces jeunes gens, je les connais, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien! toujours eux; eux d'abord: le pays après. Quand j'ai servi le père, je ne servais pas sa fortune—je servais la France. Je respecte beaucoup la mémoire du roi, mais les affaires de ses enfants ne sont pas celles de la patrie. Il les a trop souvent confondus; moi, je ne les confond pas. Ces princes veulent que je me refasse Orléaniste. Moi je désire faire le salut de mon pauvre pays."

In one of our morning conversations M. Thiers gave me a long explanation, the substance of which I here parenthetically give, on the influence of family affairs on

Louis Philippe's public actions. The policy of his reign might be divided into two parts. In the first part, the king was ostentatiously constitutional. From first to last he was himself a Voltairian; but from 1832, the date of his eldest daughter's marriage with the king of the Belgians, he took pains to favor the Protestant form of religion and of free thought. Between '40 and '48, his efforts converged towards the transformation of his government into a personal one. The feelings of the court on religious questions underwent a violent change. Jesuitism was encouraged to be aggressive. Marie Amélie, who was a paragon of domestic virtue, was, unhappily for the monarchy, a bigot; but, for reasons that will shortly appear, she kept her bigotry down in the first of the two periods, and sacrificed religious prejudices to the extent of consenting to the marriage of the prince royal with a Protestant princess who was not susceptible of being converted to Catholicism.

About 1841 the queen cast off the reserve she had imposed on herself, and entered into closer relations with her family and those members of the Catholic party who were not Legitimists. Any one expressing sympathy with the Duchesse d'Orléans, a meritorious, enlightened, and unambitious princess, was treated coldly by her mother-in-law. The causes of this change from ostentatious constitutionalism and free thought were traceable to the marriage of Queen Victoria, in the following way. M. Thiers, in 1831, wanted to annex Belgium, the Catholics there being then with the French. When diplomatic obstacles were raised, he proposed to make the Duc de Nemours king of that state. Louis Philippe caught at the scheme; but, unknown to his ministers, the English government having proposed a match between Leopold and the princess Louise of Orleans, Leopold became the king's own candidate. It was the same thing to him to have a daughter queen or a son king, and there was the advantage that the princess could be raised to a throne without disturbance or danger. At Compiègne, where the princess Louise was married, Leopold adroitly, with what motive may be supposed, encouraged a hope, already formed, but not expressed beyond the royal circle. It was to secure the hand of his niece, the Princess Victoria, for the Duc de Nemours.

The Orleanist monarchy was popular with the victors of the Reform Bill agitation, who owed their victory in some degree to the *contre coup* of the July revolu-

tion. England was tired of going to war with France. She might be expected to regard favorably a marriage which would be a pledge of peace. The young princess was being brought up in very liberal ideas. The one objection, and it was a grave one, was the religion of the Duc de Nemours. Liberals and Tories would entertain an equal horror of a Roman Catholic suitor. The duc should become a Protestant before the match could be proposed. Leopold also represented that in William IV.'s lifetime nothing could be done. When William died, the intrigue which had been quietly pursued was actively pushed forward. The marriage of the prince royal was hurried on, and celebrated at Fontainebleau against all precedent, according to both Lutheran and Catholic rites. A family Bible was presented by the officiating pastor to the bride and bridegroom before the whole court. M. Jules Janin, summoned from Paris to furnish the *Débats* with an account of the wedding, was requested to give prominence to this incident, and to the Lutheran celebration. Protestants were appointed to the best places in the new household. The bride's stepmother, a princess of Hesse Homburg, was set on to write letters eulogizing the Orleans family to her connections in England.

Louise of Belgium, who was invited to the coronation of Victoria, undertook to show a miniature of the Duc de Nemours to the young queen. Ary Scheffer was engaged to do a profile likeness in crayon having the same destination. A campaign was got up in Algeria to give the suitor an opportunity of playing the hero. The Chamber being economic, Louis Philippe out of his own pocket doubled the credit opened to furnish the brilliant equipage in which Marshal Soult outshone every other ambassador in the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. Soult was instructed to flatter the Duke of Wellington, and to feast Apsley House veterans. In conversing with English political men, he was to dwell on the king's Protestant leanings and his attachment to constitutional principles. It was with surprise and chagrin that Louis Philippe and his wife received the notification of the queen's engagement with Prince Albert. Marie Amélie felt herself in the situation of one who had sold herself to the tempter, and been cheated by him.

The Duc d'Orléans's accidental death soon followed—an event which she took as a chastisement inflicted for having lent herself to this marriage with a Lutheran.

Louis Philippe had no longer any family inducement to clog himself with English constitutionalism. Catholic matches for his sons presented themselves at Naples and Madrid; the nuncio was counted to assist in removing obstacles to them. Christina and Carlotta came to Paris. The Duchesse d'Orléans was isolated, and court favor withdrawn from Protestants. M. Guizot found he would either have to retire or promote personal government, Jesuitism, and the Spanish marriages. He chose the undignified alternative. Quinet and Michelet were silenced at the College of France. Thiers felt called upon to deliver his famous speech on the strides the Jesuits were making; Paris was convulsed with religious agitation; and all because Louis Philippe wanted to make up for the loss of an English match on which he had set his heart, by obtaining for one of his sons a Neapolitan, and for another a Spanish heiress. M. Thiers well said, "*Toujours eux; eux d'abord: le pays après.*"

Thiers's mistake was in not having made his own conditions when he found himself imposed on the Assembly by the national voice and the national disasters. He meant to found a republic. Had he said so in the tribune at Bordeaux the Commune would have never attained the proportions it did. M. Thiers had little in him to draw him to the side of monarchy beyond readiness to adapt himself to what he thought the pressing need of the day. From time immemorial Marseilles, his native city, has been, in manners, customs, and institutions, essentially democratic. He loved power less for what it brought him than for the opportunities it gave him of exercising his vast energies and varied faculties. The reproaches of Carrel and Cavaignac he may have merited, but not the suspicions of the people of Paris at the end of the siege. One of the causes of this misunderstanding was the privacy in which he lived from the *coup d'état* until he was returned by a Parisian *arrondissement* to the Corps Législatif. The multitude does not note slow transformations even in the opinions of men living in the full blaze of publicity. How could it perceive those operated in retirement? Thiers's compatriots in his lifetime fell also into the error of judging him by their own vanity. Self-confident he was, but vain never. He did not mind what the world said of him, provided his own judgment pronounced in favor of his actions.

In his direct relations Thiers was kind and genial, but he was not a benevolent

man. His great rival, Guizot, was not amiable, but he was humane. He mourned over the tragic destiny of the class whom the Greeks personified in Hercules, and the Hebrews in Samson. He wished to restore sight to the poor hoodwinked giant at whose blindness the Philistines made merry, though he did not see much harm either in the worshippers of Dagon or their mirth, and would have preserved their temple to them. The immortal side of the working-man was uppermost in his mind; but he forgot that the way to another world lies through this, and that the soul's health often depends on earthly surroundings. Thiers loved France, the nation; and cared very little for Frenchmen beyond his personal friends and acquaintances, until he became their idol. The popularity he enjoyed as he was descending to the tomb softened him, elevated him, and beautified his whole being. It would not be correct to state that he was enamored of an abstraction. What he liked was the peculiar civilization of which Paris is the centre, and the pleasant land that gave him birth. He would secure to that civilization all the liberties necessary to its easy development; and during the greater part of his life he had no more pity on those it pressed severely upon than a victorious general for the men slain in battle, or a priest of Juggernaut for the votaries under the car-wheels. His easy successes prevented him from sympathizing with the unfortunate, if their misfortune was the only claim urged for his pity. Theoretic fatalism did not hinder him from eliminating luck from the factors which go to build up individual prosperity: If people did not get on, the M. Thiers of 1848 thought it was their own fault. The power which Louis Napoleon and his Elysée accomplices won by bold gambling modified this view, which underwent further changes towards 1870, when he thought charity to the poor, and a large meed of it, a duty of the rich. Speaking of luck, I remember his saying one day that he accounted for the favor the empress Eugénie enjoyed abroad by the belief which her rise in the world induced in a lucky star. Young women, having no fortune but pretty faces, were encouraged to be of good cheer by her dazzling success. For some years after her marriage suicides among shop-girls and seamstresses underwent a remarkable diminution. The hope that Louis Napoleons of some kind would present themselves dissipated suicidal despondency.

Thiers was neither intriguing nor meanly

ambitious. When he saw men in power blundering, he was moved to snatch their cards from them and play them out. If he could not use his cards according to his own judgment, he threw down the whole hand and went away. His tenacity in climbing the greased pole with a ministerial portfolio on the top, was only equalled by the agility and grace with which he descended. If he made a mistake he had no difficulty in saying his *mea culpa*. The list of errors into which he fell in trying to carry out great plans was a long one. He was wrong in stirring up the paving-stones to revolt against Charles the Tenth; he was wrong in taking for granted the malleability he wished to find in Louis Philippe; he was wrong in so soon unmasking his foreign policy; he was wrong in giving Louis Napoleon credit for sufficient intelligence to prefer him — the glorifier of the "great emperor," and the unrivalled administrator — to De Morny, De Persigny, De Maupas, and Fleury. Universal suffrage once granted, he was wrong in seeking to withdraw it, however unripe France was for it. At the same time there was wisdom in the speech in which he protested against political power being given to "the vile multitude," since he clearly explained that by that term he meant a swell-mob of vagrants, unwilling to create settled habitations for themselves and their families. He was right in trying to get the *déchéance* of the empire voted by the Corps Législatif, which was preparing to follow his advice when it was invaded, and a provisional government proclaimed. But he was grievously wrong in refusing to join the latter on the 4th of September, and in putting himself at the head of the delegate branch.

Another of his errors was listening to professions of unalterable attachment from M. de Falloux and his party at Tours, and assisting them to secure the return of a "rural" party to Bordeaux. But his prime mistake of all was the negotiating peace, which he alone was competent to negotiate, without first imposing his own conditions on the parties who turned him out of the presidency on May 24. M. Thiers, with a bad grace, accepted Gambetta, who on his return from Russia thought he was conspiring with the Orleanists. From the surrender of Metz he was in open enmity with the dictator. Every effort, after the 30th of October, seemed to him a waste of strength. He wanted to economize the national resources, and recoil the better to spring forward; and, with the aid of such allies

as time and jealousy of Prussia would create, endeavor to reconquer the Rhine frontier. M. Thiers, at the Hôtel de Bordeaux, evoked on every side latent hostility to Gambetta. Sharpshooters of the press were set on against him, and poisonous tongues to clamor. He stood between the dictator and the diplomatists who followed the delegate government to Tours. Lord Lyons, I remember, about the time Lord Odo Russell was at Versailles, called on Gambetta to converse with him on the questions then uppermost. M. Thiers, informed by his ubiquitous agents, came in like the unbidden fairy of the story at the royal christening, and nipped in the bud the negotiations which the dictator was feeling his way to open.

The unwelcome visitor divined the orders given to let nobody pass the ante-room where the churlish Pipe-en-Bois kept guard; found his way up by a back stair, and walked in, unannounced, to where Gambetta and the ambassador thought they were safe from eavesdroppers and intruders. At that time, when mighty issues were at stake, to have offered M. Thiers a share in the government would have been tantamount to abdication. In fact, it was impossible for men of ability, unless they were of docile disposition, to work with him. When they had the quality of docility he grew attached to them, and if they enjoyed a special superiority over him he bowed before it. He accepted M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire's direction on questions of political probity, and was guided by him in advising the Assembly to organize the republic.

On the 25th of May the ex-president occupied a little sunny dusty *entresol* in the Boulevard Malesherbes, in the corner house next to St. Augustine's church. The heat and noise disturbed him at his work. MacMahon was at the Elysée, and the Hôtel Bagration was not yet discovered. Directly he had moved there, he asked M. Leverrier to continue with him the astronomical studies in which in his rare intervals of leisure he had taken refuge from the petty passions that raged around him at Versailles. He received his own visitors in a room littered with botanical and geological specimens and books of science. Vauvenargues's essay on the human mind lay on his desk near an encyclopædia open at the page "*Histoire Naturelle*." "He had seen a good deal of perverse mankind, and wished now to refresh himself in the works of the great God." Louis, his trusty *valet de chambre*, told his master's friends that he

had never known him in a more cheerful state of mind. His conversation was lively and original, betraying no chagrin. When amusing gossip about "the ducs" and "the princes" was retailed to him, his face lighted up, and his eye took an arch expression. He was unfeignedly sorry when he thought that the Comte de Paris "*se déshonorait*" in lending himself to the fusionist intrigue which brought forth the Septennate. M. Thiers's room opened into the garden of the Hôtel Bagration, in which on Sunday mornings he received his visitors between seven and nine o'clock. He wore a padded brown cashmere dressing-gown, a broad-brimmed hat, a black cravat, glazed shoes, and black gaiters. With a magnifying glass he would run off from the subject of conversation to examine a blade of grass, a leaf, a flower, an insect that caught his eye. At half past nine he sat down to answer private letters, which he could not leave to his secretary. His own notes and letters were written on gilt-edged paper. In punctuating he reread what he had just penned, sentence by sentence, as he went on, but seldom from beginning to end.

In the June following his retirement to private life, Bismarck, who wrote to Manteuffel that France was in the hands of an Ultramontanist faction, thought seriously of retaining Belfort as a security for the observance of the treaty of Frankfurt by the new government. Thiers got Russia to interfere, and went to Switzerland in August to thank Prince Gortschakoff, who was there, for the service he had rendered to the French nation. Verdun evacuated, and the war indemnity paid, Manteuffel wrote to Thiers requesting a souvenir of their personal relations. The ex-president sent the marshal the "History of the Revolution, Consulate, and Empire," with an autograph dedication. But before he could acknowledge the present, the recipient had to ask his king's — for Manteuffel will never call William by his imperial title — permission to accept it. "And so, marshal," said his majesty, "you are proud of this handsome gift?" "Yes, sire, it is a literary monument" — which in point of bulk it certainly was, for it was in fifty volumes. "And what have you thought of giving in return?" "Nothing as yet, sire." "Well, to pay M. Thiers in his own coin, send him in my name and yours the works of Frederick the Great, which my secretary is charged to hand you."

M. Thiers stood by himself as a parliamentary orator. I do not affirm that he was peerless, but I say that no other speaker

whom I have ever heard, or heard of, resembled him. He was called a *Prudhomme spirituel* by another tribune of his time. Certainly, he spoke to catch the ear of M. Prudhomme, and, in addressing him, let fall pearls and diamonds, which were to be picked up by intelligent listeners. Greek art was the perfection of common sense, so was M. Thiers's oratory when stripped of its *précautions oratoires*, the object of which was to gain a favorable hearing from stupid *bourgeois*. In the tribune, he took the attitude of a man at the wheel in a raging storm. Ascending it, his hands were filled with sheets of paper, in which, at wide distances from each other, notes in black, red, and blue ink were traced in legible characters. These memoranda, however, were not referred to in the course of the interminable, chatty monologue, which sparkled with brilliant traits, and culminated in a period that passed into general circulation directly it was uttered. "All the ideas," said Ste. Beuve, "flowed from facts;" and he might have added, facts well masticated and digested, for whatever Thiers read — and his reading was universal — he made his own. With his small stature and thin, piping voice, he gave the impression of a babe teaching wisdom to doctors. When he rose to philosophical amplitude, and — being assured that Joseph Prudhomme's ear was caught — put forth his dialectic vigor, the contrast between his physical weakness and his mental power was very impressive.

Thiers was respected by time to the last hour of his life. When death struck him his faculties were unimpaired. A premonitory symptom of his end, in the form of acute pains above the nape of the neck, caused him to hesitate just after the 16th May, when Gambetta asked him to lead the Republicans against MacMahon. They were accompanied by bleeding at the nose. Dr. Barthe, however, who was afraid of paralysis of the lungs, did not pay much attention to these symptoms. The family of the statesman conjured him to keep quiet. He said he would, barred his door for three days against strangers, felt the pains worse, and said he would rather die at once.

Resuming his lifelong habits, and throwing himself with ardor into the campaign against "the ducs," he became quite well, and told his friends that in the heat of the agitation he had picked up a store of strength. The one thing that made him uncomfortable was the want of a view from his house, which is at the bottom of a

hill. Noisy Philistinism at Dieppe irritated him, and the rolling of the waves on the shingle kept him awake. The terrace of St. Germain commanded a fine view, and there were green pleasant drives in the vicinity; so to St. Germain he went. His last earthly lodging was in the pavilion in which Louis Quatorze was born, with whose funeral, as already mentioned, the national obsequies of M. Thiers so curiously contrasted.*

In the retirement incidental on the *coup d'état*, Thiers began to "educate his conscience." The death of his mother-in-law, which plunged him in the deepest grief, helped forward the purifying work. He rose with the events which brought his country to the brink of ruin. A sense of his popularity mellowed him in his latter days, when his features took a dignity and his manners a sweetness hitherto foreign to them. Bonnat and Mlle. Jacquemart have not made this transfiguration — for transfiguration it was — felt in their portraits of him. The best likeness I have seen is a three-sous engraving, striking, charming, and impressive, signed "Chapon," and published by Alfred Duquesne of the Rue d'Hautefeuille, Paris. His Majesty, *le Petit Bourgeois*, who never sought to rise above the *bourgeoisie*, and whose death made a greater stir in the world than the end of the most powerful king or emperor, is there shown to the life. In one thing it fails. I am sorry to say it does not give the very peculiar hands of Thiers. They were the hands of a toiler and an artist. In their general outline they were square; the last phalanx of the finger was smooth and pointed, and the nail narrow and pinkish. The right hand opened well to gesticulate, and was offered frankly to the visitor, without, however, demonstrative warmth. The left remained shut, with the thumb extended its full length. In looking at a portrait or a statue which pleased him, M. Thiers made use unconsciously of his thumb, as though he were modelling in clay a likeness of what he was admiring.

Thiers's sympathy with animals was one of the lovable features of his disposition. In looking over memoranda of visits paid to him I find some of a breakfast at the Elysée, to which General Chanzy, M. Rouland, the governor of the Bank of France, an African traveller, the president's family and household, and I, sat down. The conversation, which had run upon the war

* See the critique on Montlosier's "History of the French Monarchy" — 1822.

indemnity, Count Arnim's incredulity as to its payment, and the climates of Versailles and Enghien, turned upon horses, M. Thiers going to visit a horse-show in the evening. He expressed great sympathy with the chevaline race, and spoke in glowing terms of the exquisite sensibility of the race-horse. The modern thorough-bred, the pride of English grooming, was not so picturesque, he said, as the old-fashioned hunter. But it was superior in its capacity to express delicate shades of feeling. Blind people had a sort of facial sense which enabled them, unassisted by their hands, to tell the height of a man in passing him by; whether the shutters of a shop were up or down, or whether the countenance of a person before them was severe or smiling. The whole skin of the thorough-bred horse, he imagined, was endowed with this sense. He thought that if the horse had the organ of speech it would be the most demonstrative being in creation. Nature gave it a mask which, by drawing down the skin tight over its face, debarred mobility of expression. It could not, because of its bulk, rub against a human being like a cat, or paw like a dog, or wag its tail, or whine, or utter sounds that caressed the ear. Yet such was the intensity of its feeling that it found channels for its eloquent expression. What in art or nature was there so eloquent as the eye, the nostril, and the quivering skin of the thorough-bred? M. St. Hilaire here observed that the skin-sensibility of the horse is becoming more developed. I ventured to observe that the race-horse one sees now at Longchamp is a less splendid animal than the thorough-bred of thirty years ago. Thiers agreed that it was less vigorous and picturesque. The exquisite barbs of Gascony were instanced as an argument in favor of the persistence of a fine type, which once fixed is not easily degraded.

M. Thiers's library had a world-wide celebrity. It was an abridgement of the most renowned museums of Europe; a handy edition of the greatest works of art in the cities he had visited in his artistic and historical peregrinations. He commenced his collection on a settled plan in 1833, when he sent Sigalon and Boucoiran to Rome, the one to copy for him "The Last Judgment," and the other Raphael's paintings in the Sistine Chapel. Sigalon died as he finished his work, which was a superb interpretation of the original masterpiece. Thiers wanted it to fill a space over his library mantelpiece. The copyist happily caught the precise,

firm touch of Michael Angelo, who painted neatly and with an unfevered hand the prodigious beings that rose before his mind's eye. The transparent water-color tones, as they were managed by Sigalon, came nearer to the old frescoes than could an oil rendering. When the statesman and historian felt his eyes tired he was fond of resting them, especially on wet days, on the souvenirs of galleries he had seen, on the walls around him. They were hung with nice judgment. Each, suiting its next neighbors, retained its full value. From his desk M. Thiers was able to contemplate reductions of the "Sistine Madonna," "The Assumption" of Titian, the Bolognese "St. Cecilia," "St. Jerome's Death," Raphael's "School of Athens," "The Sibyls," "The Acts of the Apostles," and "The Transfiguration," which was opposite "The Last Judgment." Choice prints were transferred to the panels of the doors, and coated with a yellowish varnish. The bookcases, not higher than an English sideboard, were of a tone to harmonize with the pictures and statues. M. Thiers's official relations enabled him to procure photographs and copies of what was best worth reproducing in the royal, papal, grand ducal, and civic palaces of Italy, Spain, Dresden, Holland, and Belgium. The Windsor collection he could never so much as see, beyond that part of it adorning the chambers to which Messrs. Colnaghi's tickets procure admission.

M. Thiers made few hard-and-fast rules in his life. One of the few was to "defend ferociously the public purse," and the other not to give house-room to any but first-rate objects of *virtu*. After finding out for himself what was super-excellent in a gallery, his way was to sit as long as was possible before it, and to return again and again until it was well fixed on his brain. He then got a copy made, if of a fresco, in water-colors, and if of an oil-painting, in oils. Buonarroti—for so he preferred to call Michael Angelo, to associate him with that other giant, Buonaparte—drew him seven times from Paris to Florence. The "Sistine Madonna" attracted him to Dresden; and he travelled twice through Spain to see the portraits at the Escorial. One evening at the Place St. Georges, the wearisome monotony of travelling over plains was talked of. Thiers said to the person who started this subject, "When I find myself in a flat country, I shut my eyes and evoke the statues of Michael Angelo. They are familiar spirits who answer to

my call. I am fond of their companionship. Michael Angelo makes us feel the meaning of the apparently tragic destiny of man. Misery is a spur to effort, and effort is the fountain of all greatness. His works are full of consolation. What can be more consoling to the afflicted than his 'Nursing Madonna' in the chapel of the Medici? Affliction has ennobled her, as it ennoble every one who takes it for what it is—a spur to stimulate us to higher action. In contemplating her I have often thought of the lesson she might have given to a certain king I knew. The tragic destiny of her infant, whose future she divines, fills her with despair. But her maternal love will not be a hindrance to him when the time arrives for him to remain an obscure *proletaire*, or become the most illustrious martyr of progress. She has the instinct of his grandeur. Noble pride in the struggle with maternal tenderness will gain the victory. A secular tree stripped of its leaves and resisting the wind affects me like that Madonna." He bought from the Salvati family the bronze duplicate of this marble, which was given by Michael Angelo to Salvati, bishop of Florence. Mme. Thiers intends to present it to the Louvre.

The doors of the library were kept by an Apollo and a satyr, copied by Mercie from the antique. "The Last Judgment" was flanked by reductions of the Farnese Hercules, and the "Slave" of Michael Angelo, which is conceived in the spirit of the "Nursing Virgin." Bronzes copied for M. Thiers from the tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici were stolen from the Garde Meuble, where Fontaine, the Communist, placed them. They were never found, and were sorely missed by their rightful owner, who called them the "schoolmasters of his soul." Other copies in marble were since done, but somehow they did not speak to M. Thiers the same language as the lost ones. Between them and the bronzes there was all the difference that a pious old lady might find between a favorite text in the authorized version of the Scriptures and a more accurate rendering in a new translation. "Day" and "Night" and "Dawn" and "Dusk," which had got into the hands of an old-clothes man, were recovered. They stand at the corners of the library. A common sentiment, that of intense grief agitates them. Were a young, heroic, majestic queen, whose heart is open to compassion, to hear each groan, see each scene of woe, and know of every injustice perpetrated in her state, she would look on

the world with the profoundly sad eyes of these four statues. Between two of them was placed an *alto rilievo*, in *terra cotta*, of an entombment, also by Michael Angelo.

A mere list of the other grand, glorious, and charming works of art in the library and its ante-room would be tedious; and the space at my disposal does not admit of anything fuller. I shall therefore close with the mention of a pen-and-ink drawing of which M. Thiers once said: "All military and political science is comprised in that sketch." Leonardo da Vinci drew it rapidly, probably to fix a felicitous idea. A band of brave knights, mounted on incomparable chargers, are fighting an army of skeletons on foot. The host of dry bones have the best of the battle. Some are falling, and others rising from the ground to replace them. Infantry, here, sweeps away cavalry. The starving classes swamp the privileged orders. Famine seizes upon power. We admire most the noble cavaliers. But the artist forces us to ask, Why did they feed their horses so well when hunger was decimating their fellow-men? The skeletons, whether we like it or not, will gain the victory, for, again to quote M. Thiers, "They are struggling to infuse a little of God's justice into man's institutions."

EMILY CRAWFORD.

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,
In conjunction with an American writer.

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CHAPTER L.

A NEW COMPANION.

THE arrival of the new sovereign to take possession of the ceded dominions had been made known to the people at Eagle Creek Ranch; and soon our poor Bell was being made the victim of continual interviews, during which agents, overseers, and lawyers vainly endeavored to get some definite information into her bewildered head. For what was the use of

reporting about the last branding of calves, or about the last month's yield of the Belle of St. Joe, or about the probable cost of the new crushing-machines, when the perpetual refrain of her thinking was, "Oh, good people, wouldn't you take the half of it, and let me have my children?"

Fortunately her husband was in no wise bewildered, and it was with not a little curiosity that he went off to inspect the horses and two carriages that had been sent on to Denver for us from the ranch. My lord was pleased to express his approval of these; albeit that one of the vehicles was rather a rude-looking affair. The other, however—doubtless Colonel Sloane's state carriage—was exceedingly smart, and had obviously been polished up for the occasion; while, as regards the horses, these were able to elicit even something more than approval from this accomplished critic. He went back to the hotel highly pleased. He believed he had got some inkling that life at the ranch was not wholly savage. The beautiful polished shafts and the carefully brushed dark-blue cushions had had an effect on his imagination.

And then, right in the midst of all this turmoil, Lady Sylvia got a telegram from New York. We had just sat down to dinner in the big saloon, at a separate table; and we were a sufficiently staid and decorous party, for Mr. and Mrs. Von Rosen were dressed in black, and the rest of us had donned whatever dark attire we had with us, out of respect to the memory of the lamented Jack Sloane. (One of the executors was to call in on us after dinner; but no matter.) This telegram produced quite a flutter of excitement, and for the moment we forgot all about Texan herds and placer mines. Lady Sylvia became a trifle pale as the telegram was handed to her, and she seemed to read it at one glance; then, despite herself, a smile of pleasure came to her lips, and the color returned to her face.

"But what is this, Mr. Von Rosen?" she said, and she endeavored to talk in a matter-of-fact way, as if nothing at all had happened. "My husband speaks of some proposal you have made to him."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, blushing like a guilty schoolboy.

He looked at his wife, and both were a trifle embarrassed; but at this moment Lady Sylvia handed the telegram across the table.

"You may read it," she said, indifferently; as if it had conveyed but little news to her. And yet it was a long telegram

—to be sent by a man who was not worth sixpence.

"Hugh Balfour, New York, to Lady Sylvia Balfour, Central Hotel, Denver: Have got your letter; all is right. Shall reach you Saturday. Please tell Von Rosen that, subject to your wishes, I accept proposal with gratitude."

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with his bronzed face as full of triumph as if he himself had brought about the whole business, "will you let me cry 'Hurrah'? Bell, shall I cry 'Hurrah'? Madame, do you object?"

And he held up the bit of paper for a signal, as if we were about to shock the calm proprieties of Denver.

"May I see the telegram, Lady Sylvia?" said Mrs. Von Rosen, taking no notice of her mad husband.

"Certainly. But please tell me, Mr. Von Rosen, what the proposal is. Why do you wish to cry 'Hurrah'?"

"Ah, yes, you may well ask," said the young man, moderating his fervor, "for I was too soon with my gladness. I will have to persuade you before we can cry any hurrahs. What I was thinking of was this—that you and Mr. Balfour would be a whole year with us, and we should have great amusement; and the shooting that I have heard of since yesterday—oh! I cannot tell you of it. But he says it is all subject to your wishes; now I must begin to persuade you to stay away from England for a whole year, and to give us the pleasure of your society. It is a great favor that my wife and myself we both ask of you; for we shall be lonely out here until we get used to the place and know our neighbors; but if you were our neighbors, that would be very pleasant. And I have been very busy to find out about Eagle Creek—oh no, it is not so bad as you would think; you can have everything from Denver—I do not know about ladies' saddles, but I will ask—and it is the most beautiful and healthy air in the world, Lady Sylvia—"

"My dear Mr. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, interrupting him with a charming smile, "don't seek to persuade me; I was persuaded when I got the message from my husband; for of course I will do whatever he wishes. But if you will let me say so, I don't think this proposal of yours is very wise. It was scarcely fair of you to write to New York and inveigle my husband into it without letting me know. It is very charming, no doubt; and you are very kind; and I have not the least doubt we shall enjoy ourselves very much; but

you must remember that my husband and myself have something else to think of now. We cannot afford to think only of shooting and riding, and pleasant society. Indeed, I took it for granted that my husband had come out to America to find some profession or occupation; and I am rather surprised that he has accepted your proposal. It was too tempting, I suppose; and I know we shall enjoy ourselves very much —”

Husband and wife had been glancing at each other, as if to inquire which should speak first. It was the lieutenant who took the burden on his shoulders, and certainly he was extremely embarrassed when he began. Fortunately in these Western hotels you are expected to order your dinner all at once, and it is put on the table at once; and then the waiter retires, unless he happens to be interested in your conversation, when he remains, and looks down on your shoulders. In this case, our colored brother had moved off a bit.

“Lady Sylvia,” said he, “I wish Mr. Balfour had explained to you what the proposal is in a letter; but how could that be? He will be here as soon as any letter. And I am afraid you will think me very impertinent when I tell you.”

He looked at her for a second; and then the courage of this man, who had been through the whole of the 1866 and 1870-71 campaigns, and done good service in both, fell away altogether.

“Ah,” said he lightly—but the Germans are not good actors—“it is a little matter. I will leave it to your husband to tell you. Only this I will tell you, that you must not think that your husband will spend the whole year in idleness —”

“It is a mystery, then?” she said, with a smile. “I am not to be allowed to peep into the secret chamber? Or is it a conspiracy of which I am to be the victim? Mrs. Von Rosen, you will not allow them to murder me at the ranch?”

Mrs. Von Rosen was a trifle embarrassed also, but she showed greater courage than her husband.

“I will tell you what the secret is, Lady Sylvia,” she said, “if my husband won’t. He is afraid of offending you; but you won’t be offended with me. We were thinking, my husband and myself, that Mr. Balfour was coming out to America to engage in some business; and you know that is not always easy to find; and then we were thinking about our own affairs at the same time. You know, dear Lady Sylvia,”—and here she put her hand gently on her friend’s hand, as if to

stay that awful person’s wrath and resentment—“we run a great risk in leaving all these things, both up at Idaho and out on the plains, to be managed by persons who are strangers to us—I mean, when we go back to England. And it occurred to my husband and myself that if we could get some one whom we could thoroughly trust to stay here and look into the accounts and reports on the spot—well, the truth is, we thought it would be worth while to give such a person an interest in the yearly results rather than any fixed salary. Don’t you think so?” she said, rather timidly.

“Oh yes, certainly,” Lady Sylvia replied. She half guessed what was coming.

“And then,” said our Bell, cheerfully, as if it were all a joke, “my husband thought he would write to Mr. Balfour telling him that if he liked to try this for a time—just until he could look round and get something better—it would be a great obligation to us; and it would be so pleasant for us to have you out here. That was the proposal, Lady Sylvia. It was only a suggestion. Perhaps you would not care to remain out here, so far away from your home; but in any case I thought you would not be offended.”

She was, on the contrary, most deeply and grievously offended, as was natural. Her indignant wrath knew no bounds. Only the sole token of it was two big tears that quietly rolled down her face—despite her endeavors to conceal the fact; and for a second or two she did not speak at all, but kept her head cast down.

“I don’t know,” said she, at length, in a very low and rather uncertain voice, “what we have done to deserve so much kindness—from all of you.”

“Oh no, Lady Sylvia,” our Bell said, with the utmost eagerness, “you must not look on it as kindness at all—it is only a business proposal; for, of course, we are very anxious to have everything well looked after in our absence—it is of great importance for the sake of the children. And then, you see, Mr. Balfour and yourself would be able to give it a year’s trial before deciding whether you would care to remain here; and you would be able to find out whether the climate suited you, and whether there was enough amusement —”

“Dear Mrs. Von Rosen,” said Lady Sylvia, gently, “you need not try to explain away your kindness. You would never have thought of this but for our sakes —”

"No," she cried, boldly; "but why? Because we should have sold off everything at the end of the year, rather than have so much anxiety in England. But if we can get this great business properly managed, why should we throw it away?"

"You forget that my husband knows nothing about it —"

"He will have a year to learn; and his mere presence here will make all the difference."

"Then is it understood, Lady Sylvia?" the lieutenant said, with all the embarrassment gone away from his face. "You will remain with us for one year, anyway?"

"If my husband wishes it, I am very willing," she said, "and very grateful to you."

"Ha!" said the lieutenant, "I can see wonderful things now — wagons, campfires, supper parties; and a glass of wine to drink to the health of our friends away in England. Lady Sylvia, your husband and I will write a book about it — 'A Year's Hunting in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.'"

"I hope my husband will have something else to do," Lady Sylvia said, "unless you mean to shame us altogether."

"But no one can be working always. Ah, my good friends," he said, addressing the remaining two of the party, "you will be sorry when you start to go home to England. You will make a great mistake then. You wish to see the Alleghany Mountains in the Indian summer? Oh yes, very good; but you could see that next year; and in the mean time think what splendid fun we shall have —"

"Ask Bell," said Queen T. with a quiet smile, "whether she would rather return with us now, or wait out here to hear of your shooting black-tailed deer and mountain sheep?"

At this point a message was brought in to us, and it was unanimously resolved to ask Bell's business friend to come in and sit down and have a glass of wine with us. Surely there were no secrets about the doings of Five-Ace Jack unfit for us all to hear? We found Mr. T. W. G. — a most worthy and excellent person, whose temper had not at all been soured by his failure to find the philosopher's stone. It is true, there was a certain sadness over the brown and wrinkled face when he described to us how the many processes for separating the gold from the crushed quartz could just about reach paying expenses, and without doing much more; and how some little improvement in one

of these processes, that might be stumbled on by accident, would suddenly make the discoverer a millionaire, the gold-bearing quartz being simply inexhaustible. It was quite clear that Mr. G. — had lost some money in this direction. He was anxious we should go up to Georgetown, when we were at Idaho, to see some mines he had; in fact he produced sundry little parcels from his pocket, unrolled them, and placed the bits of stone before us with a certain reverent air. Our imagination was not fired.

He had known Colonel Sloane very well, and he spoke most discreetly of him; for was not his niece here in mourning? Nevertheless, there was a slight touch of humor in his tone when he told us of one of Bell's mines — the Virgin Agnes — which led one or two of us to suspect that Five-Ace Jack had not quite abandoned his tricks, even when his increasing riches rendered them unnecessary. The Virgin Agnes was a gulch mine, somewhere in the bed of the stream that comes rolling down the Clear Creek cañon, and it was originally owned by a company. It used to pay very well. But by-and-by the yield gradually diminished, until it scarcely paid the wages of the men; and, in fact, the mine was not considered worth working further. At this point it was bought by Colonel Sloane; and the strange thing was that almost immediately it began to yield in a surprising manner, and had continued to do so ever since. Mr. G. — congratulated our Bell on being the owner of this mine, and said he would have much pleasure in showing it to her when she went up to Idaho; but he gravely ended his story without dropping any hint as to the reason why the Virgin Agnes had slowly drooped and suddenly revived. Nor did he tell us whether the men employed in that mine were generously allowed by Colonel Sloane to share in his good fortune.

He asked Bell whether she proposed to start for Idaho next day. She looked at her husband.

"Oh no," said the lieutenant, promptly. "We have a friend arriving here on Saturday. We mean to wait for him."

"Pray don't delay on his account," Lady Sylvia said, anxiously. "I can very well remain here for him, and come up to you afterward."

"Oh, we shall have plenty to do in these three or four days — plenty," the lieutenant said; "I must see about the ladies' saddles to-morrow, and I want to buy an extra rifle or two, and a revolver, and a

hunting-knife. And then this list of things for the house at Idaho —"

No doubt there was a good deal to be done; only one would have thought that three or four days were pretty fair time in which to prepare for a short trip up the Clear Creek cañon. It was not, however. On the Saturday morning every one was most extraordinarily busy, especially as the time approached for the arrival of the train from Cheyenne. Next day all the shops would be shut; and on Monday morning early we started.

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with ingenuous earnestness, "I must really go after those saddles again. Tell Mr. Bal-four I shall be back to lunch, will you, if you please?"

Indeed, one went away on one mission, and the other on another, until there was no one of the party left in the hotel with Lady Sylvia but Queen T. The latter was in her own room. She rung, and sent a servant to ask her friend to come and see her. She took Lady Sylvia's hand when she entered.

"I am going to ask you to excuse me," said she, with great innocence. "I feel a little tired; I think I will lie down for an hour, until luncheon-time. But you know, dear Lady Sylvia, if there are none of them down stairs, all you have to do is to get into the omnibus, when it calls at the door, and they will drive you to the station; and you will not have long to wait."

The white hand she held was trembling violently. Lady Sylvia said nothing at all; but her eyes were moist, and she silently kissed her friend, and went away.

About an hour thereafter, four of us were seated at a certain small table, all as mute as mice. The women pretended to be very busy with the things before them. No one looked toward the door. Nay, no one would look up as two figures came into the big saloon, and came walking down toward us.

"Mrs. Von Rosen," said the voice of Lady Sylvia, in the gayest of tones, "let me present to you your new agent —"

But her gayety suddenly broke down. She left him to shake hands with us, and sat down on a chair in the dusky corner, and hid away her face from us, sobbing to herself.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in his stormiest way, for he would have none of this sentiment, "do you know what we have got for you after your long journey? My good friend, there is a beefsteak coming for you; and that — do you know what that is? — that is a bottle of English ale!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

BUDHIST SCHOOLS IN BURMAH.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN
BRITISH BURMAH.

WHEN, fifteen years ago, the three territories of Pegu, Arakan, and Tenasserim, which form the eastern seaboard of the Bay of Bengal, were united into the province of British Burmah, one of the most difficult tasks which presented itself to the first governor was the direction of the popular education. The battle of education in India had been fought long ago, and by the efforts of Macaulay and his successors the main lines of a system adapted to natives of India had been already laid down. But Burmah is not India, though ruled by the Indian viceroy, and the educational question here presented an entirely new and deeply interesting aspect. The rulers of India have not been slow to recognize the evils of over-centralization, and in nothing has the government of India shown its wisdom more than in the liberal spirit in which it has entrusted to its local governors in each province the determination of measures dependent upon peculiarities of race, custom, or locality. The province of British Burmah affords the most conspicuous example of the wisdom and necessity of such a policy.

Although politically annexed to the Indian empire, and forming indeed one of its richest and most rising provinces, Burmah is in all essential respects far more akin to China than to India; and, while the Aryan provinces of the Indian peninsula, widely as they differ from one another, may be regarded in many ways as forming one compact country, Burmah has not more of kinship with the rest of the empire than the mistletoe with the oak on which it grows. The climate and outward aspect of the country are different; the people belong to another family of the human race, with other individual and social characteristics, and professing another religious creed.

The fair Mongolian people speaking a language akin to the Malay, followers of the Buddhist religion, and differing in character more widely from any natives of India than even from their English rulers, require a no less distinct treatment in all matters of public administration, and in this young province all the problems which have for a century exercised the minds of governors in India, and have there been perhaps finally solved, reappear under new conditions.

Among these problems none is of more

interest or of greater importance than that of education.

The initial difficulty which here arose lay not in the organization of a suitable system of instruction, or of a machinery of control, but in the circumstance that a national system of elementary education was already in full possession of the field, was indeed so firmly established and so intimately woven into the national life that it was evident that if any educational measures were to be initiated by the English government those measures must at least not be antagonistic to the existing system, and that if they could be made to harmonize with it their success was certain.

The system to which we refer forms a prominent feature in the combined social and religious organization founded before the era of Christianity by Sakya Muni, to which the general name of Buddhism is given; and the contact of this ancient faith, still holding all its primitive forms, customs, and traditions, with the most advanced type of Western civilization affords a rare opportunity of observing the characteristics and tracing the development and influence of one of the least known and most interesting among the religions of mankind.

The whole history of Buddhism has, till quite recent years, been a sealed book to all but a few ardent scholars, and even now the sacred Pali language, which enshrines so many of the records essential to a right understanding of its tenets, is only struggling into a prominent place among Oriental studies. We read of the Lamas of Thibet, and even of the Buddhists of Ceylon, with a far-off curiosity, such as that with which we regard the Aztecs of Peru, but here in one of the most flourishing provinces of the Indian empire, under the immediate rule of English magistrates, and in a land penetrated by railway, steamboat, and telegraph, is a living manifestation of the influence of the Buddhist religion as a national power, with its monastic order in full vigor — its ceremonials unchanged, its rule of asceticism unaltered, and the very garb of its members the same as two thousand years ago.

Into the internal economy and working of this ancient order, as it exists in Burmah, a new light has been thrown in late years by the policy which has enlisted the sympathy of its leaders with the educational measures of the English government, and the results of the experiment have been so interesting that we propose to present, from personal observation, a brief sketch of the field of operation and the

method which has been adopted with so much promise.

The most conspicuous object by which the simple Burmese village is first seen on the horizon is the *kyoung* or Buddhist monastery. Built usually of wood, raised from the ground on solid timbers, with tall turreted roofs often richly and quaintly carved, its entrance marked by a still taller flagstaff and guarded by colossal masonry griffins, the monastery stands on the best site of the village, on a shady knoll or the bank of a stream or lake. It is a spacious building, containing one or more large rooms with bare boarded floors, and open on one side at least to the winds and to all comers. The approach is guarded only by the numerous wild dogs which trade upon the pious aversion of the Buddhist to the taking of animal life, and lurk among the pillars upon which the building is supported. Ascending the wooden staircase, and passing across an open verandah, we are at once within the monastery. The sight is for a moment blinded by the darkness of the interior, the wooden walls being unrelieved by any color, and the ear is at the same time deafened by a chorus of children's voices repeating with the full power of their lungs the traditional Burmese spelling-book.

As we enter, the voices, now raised higher than ever, are found to issue from forty or fifty boys recumbent on the bare floor in regular ranks, each having before him a small oblong blackboard which serves the purpose of a slate. A smart tap from a long cane on the boarded floor causes instant silence, and the visitors advance to an inner recess where mats and cushions are spread, and where the monkish pedagogue is seated on the ground. By his side are curiously-shaped boxes and dishes of lacquer work and silver, containing betel nut, water, and the like. Huge palmleaf fans and monster gilded umbrellas lean against the wall, and in the dim light we find ourselves surrounded by gilded images of Gaudama — the name uniformly given in Burmah to the founder of Buddhism — in brass, marble, or silver, piles of dusty palmleaf manuscripts, some of them richly illuminated, and boxes of various size and form ornamented with gilding and a kind of mosaic of colored glass. Above us colored lamps hang from the richly carved ceiling, and amidst the strange medley are carpets and vessels of English manufacture, and, in a conspicuous niche, an American eight-day clock.

Near us lounge a number of tall youths and boys with fair olive complexion,

dressed in the uniform yellow monastic robe, and attentive to every word or signal from their superior. These are the juniors or probationers of the order, who minister to his immediate wants, who daily in solemn procession through the village beg for his morning meal, fan him in the heat, shield him from the sun as he walks, or row him in his boat on a journey.

We are received with an air of apparent indifference and offered a seat on the mats, and while our host continues to chew his betel nut in silence, and awaits our opening of the conversation, we may note his outward appearance, which is striking enough. His skin is dark and his cheeks thin as if with fasting. His head is bare and close shaven, and his dress is the uniform toga of sombre yellow cloth so folded as to leave one arm completely bare. The seams which traverse the robe in so many directions are relics of the original injunction, that the monk should be clothed in rags gathered in the graveyards and stitched together. In his hand he holds a rosary of beads, and his whole aspect is that of the recluse who has neither part nor lot in the things of the world.

Common as this scene is to those who live in the country, it is one worthy of a painter's canvas; and to step aside from a metalled highroad, skirted by a line of telegraph, into one of these quaint retreats is like passing at a step from the nineteenth century back to the years before Christ.

The monk is in no way disturbed by the interruption of our visit, and, unless of an exceptionally rude type, is glad to hold a conversation on general subjects, on education, or even on the tenets of his religion. Recluse though he is, it is natural to him to take pleasure in genial conversation, and he has been trained to habits of courtesy in a way surprising to a stranger, while the consciousness of the high social position which he holds disposes him to court an argument on subjects which may enable him to display to an admiring audience his superiority to the unenlightened foreigner. The Burmese language is necessarily the medium of conversation.

After a time we take our leave without formal ceremony, and the routine of school work is at once resumed.

Such in its outward aspect is the monastic school, as it is found in every town and village throughout Burmah. The richness of the endowment and the size and decoration of the monastery vary with the locality and the circumstances of the lay patrons, but the organization of the religious house

and the system of instruction, to which we shall presently revert, are everywhere the same. Open freely to boys of all ages and stations, this is the national public school in which every Burmese boy, rich or poor, receives his earliest education. Its teachers are members of a holy brotherhood supported by the pious laity from whom they literally beg their daily bread, and whose pride it is to do them service, and its lessons are the same which generation after generation has learned within the same walls, and are in harmony with all the most sacred traditions of home life and the national religion.

The universal homage accorded to such an institution is no matter of wonder. Apart from the influence exercised by the unquestioned purity of the moral code of which the Buddhist monk is the traditional exponent, the bonds which link together the institutions of civil and religious life in Burmah, the laity and the religious, are closer than under any other social system. Monastic orders have held sway in many countries, but we know of no other nation whose sons of every rank and station pass at one time of their life through the religious house, first as pupils of a school, and a few years later as temporary members of the order itself, which is entered through one of the most striking ceremonies to be seen in the East. At the age of fourteen or fifteen the Burmese boy on a set day is arrayed in the richest of dresses, decorated with gold and jewels, seated on horseback, with followers on foot bearing over him gilded umbrellas, and led in procession round the village to the monastery; there he is dismounted, his finery is stripped from him, his long hair—the pride of the Burman—is shaven, his rich dress is exchanged for the yellow monastic robe, and he submits for a time to the discipline of the monastery, remaining for six months or a year, or even it may be for life; for both entrance to and exit from this strange order are at all times voluntary, and though during membership the strictest rule of life is religiously observed, no vows compel the retention of the garb or forbid a return to the world. It is thus that the order is continually recruited, and thus that the monastery, both as a school and as a religious house, casts its shadow over the life of every native of Burmah. In his infancy he was carried in arms to the *kyoung* to listen in ignorant wonder to the preaching of the law, and among the associations of his childhood none is more deeply impressed on his memory than the daily walks to and from the *kyoung*, the

discipline of the monastic school, and the lessons there learnt, which perhaps form all his stock of learning. Throughout his life it has been his most sacred duty to minister to the daily needs of the religious, and even his hopes of rest beyond the grave are largely based on the offerings made to holy men at special seasons, and the good works done by adding to their dignity or material comforts.

The honor thus universally paid to the holy ascetic has naturally attached itself to the work to which he is specially devoted, the teaching of youth. As the pious Buddhist believes firmly in the efficacy of works to insure happiness, or at least a diminution of misery, after death, so of all good works none is more honorable in Burmah than that of the instructor of the young. To this feeling is due the existence side by side with the monastic school of the kindred institution which is found in every Burmese town, and is popularly called the "house-school" as distinguished from the monastery.

The "house-school," of which every town contains several examples, though modelled on the monastic school, is distinct from it in character, and, being free from the disabilities which necessarily fetter to some extent the religious house, promises, as we shall presently see, to attain an even more important position. The master is a layman who has retired from active life, and whose piety at once gives him the confidence of his fellow townsmen, and prompts him to lay up merit for himself by the traditionally good work of teaching. His school is usually conducted in his own private house, of which it occupies the greater part. He is probably not more learned than the monks by whom he was taught himself, and his system of teaching, his text-books and course of instruction, are a reproduction of their own. On the other hand, although an orthodox Buddhist, his orthodoxy does not necessarily restrict his teaching; he has a guarantee for attendance which the monk is without in enforcing the payment of fees by his pupils, either in money or kind; and lastly — his chief claim to consideration — his classes are open to girls as well as boys. To these schools the country owes a vast debt of gratitude, for it is through them alone that the learning imparted to boys in the monastery (which excludes from its walls every animal of the female sex) has been handed on to their sisters, while it is to the intelligence of the women, and the free and independent social position which

they enjoy — another honorable distinction which stamps Burmah as wholly separate from India — that the Burman owes the order and comfort of his home and the careful management of his affairs.

The instruction given in these time-honored institutions, lay and monastic alike, is naturally as elementary as the method of teaching is primitive. The school hours extend over the whole day with stated intervals, and far into the night the traveller as he passes the village *kyoung* will hear in the stillness the familiar chorus of scholars. The discipline is strict, and the Burmese boy is never spoilt by the sparing of the rod, in the virtues of which both parents and teachers have a firm faith; but there is immense waste of time, the attendance is very irregular, and no schoolboys in the world ever loved to play truant more than the lighthearted children of this happy country.

The pupil's first task is to master the alphabet and the intricacies of the Burmese spelling-book, to form the letters on his blackboard with a stone answering to a slate-pencil, and subsequently to read from palm-leaf manuscript and learn by heart the passages read. The text-books universally used are the series of Pali texts (each accompanied by a running paraphrase in Burmese) which form the substance of the *Beedagat* or Buddhist holy scriptures. The method of learning is almost exclusively by oral repetition; even the alphabet is learnt by the class *en masse* following a leader in chorus, and he is the best scholar who can repeat by heart, or rather by rote, the longest string of Pali texts, though even the paraphrase intended to translate them probably does not convey to his mind a glimmering of the sense.

In some schools has been added the teaching of a most clumsy system of arithmetic called *badin*, but upon this the strictest orthodoxy has always looked with disfavor.

It need hardly be added that we should look in vain among the most learned of the monks for scholarship, as the word is understood in Europe. Yet it is somewhat disappointing to find among the custodians of traditions and manuscripts so profoundly interesting to foreigners, an ignorance of the classic language of their own scriptures so complete that one of the most venerable and distinguished of the hierarchy could gravely and obstinately contend that the Pali language has no affinity whatever with Sanskrit!

But if the learning imparted is meagre, if the method of teaching is cumbrous,

and if the whole system is hampered by the restrictions of the monastic rule, yet that the entire male population should have been systematically taught to read and write the vernacular language is a distinction among Oriental nations worthy of every honor. And when we look to the still larger benefits conferred by the moral training thus given to the nation—a training which inculcates and has impressed upon the national character such precepts as self-denial, honesty, truthfulness, obedience to parents, reverence for age, tenderness to animals, and faithfulness to the marriage tie—when we think that at a time when England was in a state of barbarism, without the light of Christianity, without even a thought of science or of literature, this lofty morality was already preached in the far East, where the orderly religious house was at once the treasury of precious records of a great religion and the nursery from which a knowledge of letters was disseminated throughout the land; and when we reflect that the exponents of this teaching were men who voluntarily bound themselves by the most rigid rule of poverty and self-denial, our admiration leads us back with a new and genuine veneration to the memory of the wonderful man who headed a great popular movement, and from whose inspired genius emanated the conception which has expanded into such vast proportions.

The foregoing sketch will convey some notion of the nature of the twofold system of education which was found in Burmah indigenous to the soil—a system adapted to the wants and endeared to the hearts of a simple people, and dignified with the accumulated honor of centuries—upon which it was proposed by a foreign government to base new plans which, without jarring upon all that was hallowed by time and association, should be capable of expansion in harmony with modern thought. It needed a bold hand to touch a fabric in every way so sacred, and it was with natural diffidence but with a true instinct, as the event has proved, that Sir Arthur Phayre took the first tentative steps, by authorizing the gratuitous distribution in the monasteries of Rangoon and Moulmein of manuals of arithmetic and geography printed in the Burmese language.

It must be premised here that for many years Christian missionaries, both from Europe and America, had been at work among the Burmese, had founded the first schools conducted on the methods of the West, and—their chief title to fame—

had devoted themselves to the study of the native languages, and both translated into them the Christian Scriptures and prepared manuals for use in schools.

The reception accorded to the officers deputed to visit the monasteries, distribute books, and explain the intentions of the government, was considered so far encouraging, that, although the educational authorities themselves were hopeless of any material success, more active measures were resolved upon. The system of school visitation was extended, trustworthy natives being selected for the duty, and the government took in hand the printing of text-books in the vernacular.

Special popularity has been gained by the publishing for the first time in printed form, and at a low price, of the Pali texts in most common use. An edition of six texts with the usual paraphrase, and accompanied by a glossary, was eagerly bought, ten thousand copies being sold in less than twelve months from its issue. A manual of arithmetic, prepared by the American Mission, has been almost as eagerly welcomed, the superiority of the European system of numbers being universally acknowledged, even by the most conservative of the indigenous teachers.

Text-books of geography have been less readily accepted, this being a science which at the outset overthrows theories of the origin and composition of the universe which are closely interwoven with the religious traditions of the Buddhist; but even to the introduction of such unorthodox publications, few except the most bigoted of the monks offer more than the passive resistance of a confident incredulity. The readiest sale has naturally been found for the traditional Pali texts, and for the series of classical tales, hitherto written only on the palmleaf, which record the various existences of Budha or Gaudama: and the presentation in a cheap printed form of these classical works, familiar to every Burman, but associated until now with the labor of deciphering the palmleaf manuscript, is a boon which both the religious and the laity have warmly appreciated.

While the instruments of teaching have thus been multiplied, a complete system has been organized for the encouragement and improvement of the indigenous schools, of which the following are the main features.

Fixed standards have been laid down for the examination of pupils in the three subjects most commonly taught, the Burmese language, the Pali language, and

arithmetic; and money prizes, varying in value with the standard passed, are awarded at periodical examinations to both teachers and pupils. The difficulty of making such offerings to the monk bound to poverty is overcome either by handing over the amount to the lay patron of the monastery, or by substituting for money a gift of books. The prizes for the Pali language are awarded only for a knowledge of the grammar, or for an intelligent translation into the vernacular, and thus the ancient system of learning by rote is actively discouraged.

A certificate is granted with each prize, and a keen competition has by this means been called forth among rival scholars and between rival schools. A still more useful measure, and one accepted with a no less surprising readiness, even by the monks, has been the attachment to selected schools of masters (natives of the country) trained in a government school, appointed and salaried by government, and accustomed to European methods of teaching and school management. Special grants of public money are also made under stated conditions for school buildings, and for books or school apparatus, and the English school-slate and printed text-book are already widely supplanting the palmleaf manuscript and painted board which have been in the hands of a hundred generations.

The effect produced by these measures has been as rapid as it is remarkable; and while the standard of teaching in existing schools has been steadily raised, numerous new schools on a secular basis have been established under the fostering care of the government.

Annual competitive examinations are now held at the headquarters of each district, at which special prizes of a high value are awarded to the best scholar of the year in each subject; and the popularity of a measure which thus gauges the merits of rival schools within a fixed area is attested by the keenness of the rivalry, and the genuine interest shown by the parents, friends, and teachers, who assemble on these occasions from far and near, to watch the examination and applaud the success of their children.

In the competition so excited the lay schools have shown a general superiority to the monastic schools, although among the latter also are examples of the best type of indigenous school. From the last published report of the education department we learn that, though hardly yet

fully extended to the whole province, the system has secured the adherence of no less than eight hundred and seventy-four monasteries and two hundred and fifty-five lay schools, having a total attendance of thirty-three thousand scholars.

The leaven thus introduced into the national system is full of promise for the future of this rising province, and even now the practical fruits of the plans of the government are not insignificant, when the inspector of schools can report of the pupils in a monastic school, aided by a government assistant master: "A stiff sum in compound proportion was worked out correctly and very rapidly by about a dozen boys, and they are good at vulgar and decimal fractions."

The phenomenon here presented is moreover without example. In Ceylon the same monastic order witnesses to the same religious belief, but no such response has been given as in Burmah by the monkish schoolmaster to the efforts of a foreign government to advance the cause of popular education.

It is not the province of this paper to treat of the general work of the department of public instruction, which forms a branch of the local administration, and which provides for a State system of English and Anglo-vernacular education, a system of government scholarships, and of grants-in-aid to missionary and other private schools; which regulates the publication and distribution of educational books, and directs the course of education throughout the province. It would probably excite surprise in many to learn that the English government expends yearly in this remote province not less than 20,000*l.* on education alone, and such readers would certainly be astonished to find in Rangoon and other Burmese towns flourishing schools, numbering from two to four hundred pupils, every one of whom is able to speak, read, and write the English language. Our object here, however, has been to indicate the interest attaching to the lower end of the educational ladder, or rather to the ancient foundation on which it rests; to claim attention for the field here laid open for the study of the history, traditions, and living organization, not only of an ancient educational system, but of a religion which probably numbers among its votaries, even at this day, a larger proportion of mankind than any other.

It is not long since Professor Max Müller, in tracing the steps which have been taken by scholars for the elucidation of

the Buddhist religion, remarked that hardly anything had as yet been done for exploring the literature of Burmah and Siam, which opened a promising field for any one ambitious to follow in the footsteps of Hodgson, Csoma, and Turnour; adding that next to Ceylon—which had been already fully explored—Burmah and Siam would seem to be the two countries most likely to yield large collections of Pali MSS. The government in Burmah has, indeed, very lately taken this subject in hand, and through the machinery of the education department has taken steps to search the monasteries, and to form a library of manuscripts at Rangoon.

But when both Burmah and Siam have been made to deliver up their secrets, and as complete a collection has been made as was made by Hodgson in Nepal, and by Turnour in Ceylon, there will still be need of a scholar with the rare combination of qualifications possessed by Burnouf to wade through the mass, and separate what is valuable from what is worthless, with health and leisure for the task, and aided by a comprehensive and critical knowledge of many languages, by inexhaustible patience and unwearied industry, by a single eye to historical accuracy, and by the modesty which is seldom separated from a sincere love of truth. Such men are rare indeed.

But even were the treasures which, it may be fairly supposed, await the philologist and the historian in the niches of Burmese monasteries to prove delusive, some immediate gain may still be reaped from the contemplation of scenes such as we have tried to sketch. England has learned many new lessons from her Indian empire, which has largely contributed to that breadth of mind which less and less regards mankind from the insular point of view of the centuries gone by; and to the lessons so learnt the province of which we are now treating has contributed not less than the rest.

In the monasteries of Burmah we find among the heirlooms of a remote past, if not accurate scholarship, if not even trustworthy witnesses of history, at least a liberality of spirit, and a wide tolerance, which would put to shame many a scholar and theologian in Europe.

To those resident in the country the courteous hospitality of the Buddhist monk had long been known, but even the most observant could hardly have anticipated

the genuine liberality which has thrown open the doors of the monastery to the government inspector of schools, and welcomed without jealousy the graft of Western scholarship and science. Nor is this the symptom of any cringing to the secular power. A more independent people than the Burmese does not exist, and the ingenuousness which has astonished even those who knew them best, springs, we cannot doubt, from the same enlightened spirit which more than twenty centuries ago threw off the yoke which still binds India in the bonds of caste and founded the Protestant religion of Buddhism.

And the tenderness with which we must regard so venerable a foundation is increased still further, when we reflect upon the certain decay which, after so long and useful a life, seems to threaten the monastic order in the advent of Western civilization. Under native rule, as we have said, civil and religious institutions formed parts of a common national life, but the English government of India, while it tolerates every form of religion, can give no exclusive support to any; the canons and decrees for centuries enforced by the secular arm are now powerless to bind unwilling subjects, and already the Buddhist camp in Burmah is split into hostile factions which threaten to disorganize the whole ecclesiastical structure.

We need not be misled by sentiment into exalting too highly the merits of the monastic school, any more than into over-admiration of the system of asceticism to which it is linked. To the latter, however, we cannot refuse the homage due to the earliest struggles of mankind against the powers of evil; and in the same way, although we read in the blue-books of to-day that judged by the easiest modern standards the practical results of the indigenous system of teaching are miserably poor, and that as educational seminaries the majority of the monastic schools are in their primitive state utterly inefficient, we must still admire the temper which at this date prompts an ancient hierarchy to listen impartially to the ambassadors of a strange learning, as well as the wisdom and the patient perseverance which in this corner of the Eastern world have through long years kept alive the knowledge of letters, and given a dignity to the teacher's profession for which we hardly find a parallel in history.

P. HORDERN.

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DA CAPO.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VI.

EN VOYAGE.

PRINGLE, Felicia's maid, did not call her mistress next morning till a very short time before the omnibus was starting for the station; and Felicia, who had lain awake half the night, jumped up half asleep, and proceeded to dress as quickly as she could. They were only just in time. Mr. Bracy was impatiently stamping on the pavement in an agony of punctuality. Jasper had walked on, they said. His luggage was there—three large bags, red, blue, and yellow, with which he habitually travelled. The intelligent Georgina, calm, brown, composed, was sitting in her corner, looking perfectly unmoved. Mrs. Bracy was also installed, checking over the various umbrellas and parcels. She was evidently ruffled: with poetic natures crossness verges on tragedy, and becomes very alarming at times.

"I'm so sorry," said Felicia, and she looked vaguely round, and to her surprise, and disappointment too, discovered no sign of Colonel Baxter. "Where is Colonel Baxter?" she said.

"My dear, how can I tell you?" said Mrs. Bracy, who was in devout hopes that he had been left behind; and Flora stared at Felicia as if in some surprise at her question.

Felicia flushed up; this was not what she had intended. "Mrs. Bracy, we must go back," said the young lady, very much agitated. "I promised that he should come with us. What will he think?"

"What is there to prevent Colonel Baxter from coming with us, if he chooses?" said the elder lady, with freezing politeness. "Certainly, if you wish it, I will desire the omnibus to return."

Felicia was just preparing to say that at all events Pringle should remain with a message, when the object of all this discussion stood up at a street corner to let them pass.

His luggage was also piled on the top of the omnibus, with Jasper's rainbow bags, and he had walked the short distance from the hotel to the railway station.

Felicia, seeing him, was satisfied at once; her sudden energy of opposition passed away; and when they all met at the station she greeted him smiling and

composed, gave him her hand and her hand-bag with its many silver flagons.

Baxter could not find a place in the same carriage with Felicia; he climbed up upon the roof, where he sat smoking his cigar, and thinking over a short journey they had once taken together, six years before. Then it was fate that had separated them, honor, every feeling of affection and gratitude; now, only her will and the interference of a foolish woman kept them apart. From where he sat he looked down upon Jasper, who stood outside the carriage door upon a sort of platform with a rail; the artist was hatless; he wished his hair to stream upon the wind.

"Take care, Jasper. Come in here," cries Mrs. Bracy, who had just sent off the colonel, and declared she must have space for her two fat feet upon the opposite seat, and that there was no room for any one else in the carriage.

But Jasper said he preferred the rhythm of motion as it thrilled him where he stood.

A pretty little railway runs between the smiling valleys that lead from Berne to Interlachen.

Felicia looked out of the window, well pleased by the pleasant sights and aspect of the road.

The railway meets a steamer waiting by a certain smiling green landing-place; and all the passengers issue from the train and go on board, and look over the sides of the boat into deep sweet waters lapping the shore, and calmly flowing in long silver ripples across the lake. On either side the green banks are full and overflowing. White *pensions* stand in gardens; people come down to the steps to see the steamer pass. Everything tells of peace, of a placid, prosperous comfort.

Baxter found Felicia a place by an American lady who was pointing out the various scenes of interest to two young ladies, her charges, with an alpenstock, and the help of a Baedeker.

"Oh, Miss Cott, is this the page?" inquire her pupils. "What is the exact distance per rail from Berne to the steamer?"

"Page 47," says Miss Cott, rapidly turning over the leaves.

The steamer started off; all the people clustering on board flapped their wings and hummed their song in the sunshine as it streamed above the awning. The Swiss ladies accepted a respectful share of their husbands' conversation; the American ladies, on the contrary, took the lead. There was one stout and helpless person-

age, covered with rings and many plaits of false hair, to whom Felicia had taken a great dislike, until a little brown-faced girl with earrings ran up and began to kiss the ugly cheeks and to smooth the woman's tumbled locks.

"Look at that child," said Felicia; "how fond she seems to be of the horrid old woman! I am sure I never could tolerate such a mother."

"And yet you care for *her*," said Baxter, looking with no friendly glances at Mrs. Bracy advancing to join them. "Oh, Felicia! won't you tell her that you are going to belong to me, not to her? You must choose between us, you see," he said, with a smile.

"How can you speak so absurdly?" she said, turning away, hurt; "how mistrustful, how unkind you are!"

She did not make allowances for his diffidence, for his boundless admiration, for his natural wish for certainty, now that the die was cast. The colonel, who had less life before him than Felicia, more experience of its chances and disappointments, more intensity of feeling to urge him on, might well be more impatient. He had kept her waiting: did the malicious little creature mean him to feel her power now, and to take her wilful vengeance? Her cousin James had spoiled her so utterly that she imagined that all lovers were like James, and would submit to her quick caprices, her sudden flights. Little she knew Aurelius, who now with black, bent brows, excited, uncompromising, prepared to show her what he felt.

Felicia wanted everybody, not Aurelius only, but others, to be happy and satisfied. It seemed to her to be almost wicked to sacrifice old and tried friends to the fancies of this new-comer.

He had played a part in her life, indeed, but it had been a shadowy part hitherto. Suddenly that shadow had become alive: it spoke for itself; it had a bearing which she could no longer sway at her fancy now. She hardly knew what she felt or what she wanted. Time seemed to her the chief thing that was to explain and harmonize it all, to accustom her to it all. It would be very nice to have him there always, she thought. They might take walks together, and read books together, and little by little he would learn to appreciate her dear kind Bracys, and they would learn to know him. Suddenly a thought struck her. Could it be Emily Flower who had influenced him against her friends? It was not like him to be so unkind.

Baxter, meanwhile, who had thought that all was explained and clear between them, could not understand these recurring doubts and hesitations. He had made up his mind to come to an issue of some sort; and as he stood behind Felicia's bench, he let his fancy drift, as hers had sometimes done—imagined a little scene between them which was to take place in a very few minutes; he was to speak plainly to her—to the woman who had all but promised to be his wife; he meant to tell her how truly he loved her, how unendurable this present state of suspense had suddenly become.

His whole heart went out to her in tenderness and protection. He felt so much and so deeply, surely she would understand him.

The steamer paddled on its way, the hills floated past; the people came on board, and struggled off to shore.

CHAPTER VII.

NO ANSWER.

PRESENTLY a special peaceful hour of sun and calm content seemed to fall on the travellers; the talk became silenced, the waters deepened, the banks shone more green. Aurelius, looking up, saw that his enemy had allowed herself to be overcome by the stillness, by the tranquil rocking of the boat. She was leaning her head on Miss Harrow's shoulder. Mr. Bracy was at the other end of the boat, claiming acquaintance with a benchful of English people. Jasper was drowsily balancing himself against the bulwark, with both arms widely extended. A swan came sailing out from shore; and then Aurelius began his sentence, and in plain words, not without feeling and honest diffidence, he spoke in a low voice, of which Felicia heard every syllable.

"I have been thinking that I perhaps took you by surprise yesterday," he said. "If it is so, you must tell me; you must not be afraid of giving me pain. Anything is better than want of confidence; but this state of indecision is really more than I can bear. It was not without painful uncertainty as to what your answer might be that I came; and yet you know that my heart is yours, and has been yours only for all these years. Now whatever your answer may be, I will abide by it."

Felicia was touched; but she was silent, tapping her foot against the wooden deck.

"If I had come long ago, perhaps I might have had more chance," Aurelius went on, frightened by her silence. "Per-

haps you think me presumptuous. Some one in whom I trust encouraged me to come."

"Emily Flower, I suppose, told you to come," said Felicia.

"Yes," stupid Aurelius answered, slowly. "She told me to come."

Felicia looked away; she did not care to meet his honest eyes. So he had not come of *himself*, but only because his cousin had sent him — only come because he thought she expected it of him. Her cheek burned with indignant fire.

The little heiress was an autocrat in her way — in that gentle, vehement, kind-hearted way of hers. She was an unreasonable autocrat as she sat there, motionless, with her head turned away; her eyes flashed angrily, but then tears came to put out the fire. Was no one to be trusted? Did not even Aurelius love her enough to come straight home to her? He too must needs consult and hesitate and calculate. James would not have left her all this long time. The steamer paddled on while the two waited in their many-voiced silence; but when at last Felicia looked up, the glance that met her own was so sad that she had not the heart to speak the jealous words that had been upon her lips, the crimson had died out of her cheeks, and her eyes softened. Aurelius took it all so humbly with a sudden hopelessness that surprised Miss Marlow, who, as I have said, for all her innocent vanities and whimsicalities, did not realize in what estimation Baxter held her. Something touched her. Suddenly her face changed to the old kind face again; she put out her little hand with its soft gray glove.

"We must have our talk another day," she said; "to-morrow, not now. This is not the time."

"No, indeed," said Aurelius, not without emphasis; for, as he spoke, Mrs. Bracy was awakening with a wild start — an appealing smile to the company such as reviving sleepers are apt to give. In a minute more she had joined Felicia. Baxter walked away to where Jasper, at his end of the boat, had shifted his spread-eagle attitude into one of skewer-like rigidity, while little Mr. Bracy came trotting up, panting and bubbling over with information. "The Alpes! the Alpes!" says he; "I'm told that is the place to go to, Flora; good *table d'hôte*, a magnificent view; the divine for you, my love — for us the creature comforts. That family that you see sitting near the wheel is going

there; the gentleman strongly recommends the place — a very pleasant, well-informed person; he was on board the steamer we crossed with to Calais. I think you would like him; but, of course, one can't be sure."

"Edgar," said his wife, "make what acquaintances you like, but *pray* do not introduce them to me. Our party is much too large as it is. It was a mistake bringing Georgina," she added, as Felicia looked up at her with a quick glance.

"You did it out of kindness, my love. The poor girl is thoroughly enjoying herself," cries the little man, anxiously.

Then all the little bustlings and distractions of the road come to divert everybody's mind from personalities.

The travellers by water were turned into passengers by steam, and then again into wretched fares, wedged side by side in a light red velvet omnibus, with gilt looking-glasses to reflect their wry faces. Jasper had more than enough to do grappling with his parti-colored bags. Aurelius shouldered his own small portmanteau and Felicia's dressing-case, leaving Mr. Bracy, with the help of the amiable Miss Harrow, to collect the many possessions of his Flora — her writing-book (carried loose with her pen and her inkstand), her cushions and sunshades, her luncheon in its basket.

Mrs. Bracy's poet nature invariably required a luncheon-basket, the one arm-chair, the most comfortable bedroom, the wing of the chicken, the shady corner in the garden. The spirit being imprisoned in mortal coil, Flora was wont to say, it required absolute freedom from mere temporary discomfort, in order to have full scope to soar.

"So I have observed," says Baxter, dryly, in answer to the lady's appeal.

"Ah, indeed!" Mrs. Bracy answers, dimly dissatisfied; "you notice everything."

"For comfort," says Jasper, joining in from the opposite corner of the omnibus, and with a glance at the other passengers, "give me cats to stroke. I thought of bringing a couple abroad, but my uncle dissuaded me."

"Cats!" says Baxter, eyeing Jasper as if he was a maniac.

But here the omnibus stops at the doors of the hotel; the porters, waiters, majordomos, rush forward, breathless, to grip the elbows of the descending travellers.

CHAPTER VIII.
BY A FOUNTAIN.

It is very hot and sultry in the hotel garden. The fountain and the piano from the saloon are playing a duet. The fountain itself must be boiling after the morning's glare, but the sound of the water is not the less delightful to parched ears. An old man sits on a bench by a charming and handsome young woman; a grandchild is playing at his feet. The old man's is a world-known name; he has swayed nations and armies in his life, but he is quietly stirring his coffee in the shadow of the chestnut-tree. Presently, obsequiously in thread gloves, with a newspaper in its hand, comes up and bows low, takes a respectful chair at the old diplomat's invitation. Felicia is sitting in a little arbor close by, leaning back half asleep, and swinging her little feet. She has taken off her felt hat, pushed back the two plaits that usually make a sort of coronet about her pretty head. The diamond ornament at her throat glistens like the radiating lights of the fountain; the folds of her China silk dress shine with tints that come and go. She is in a peaceful, expectant state of mind, drowsy, prepared for happiness to come to her; it is much too sultry weather to go in search of it. "How can Georgina go on practising as she does through the heat of the day?" Meanwhile Miss Harrow, the musician, leaves off for an instant, looks up at the approach of Colonel Baxter, or answers when he asks her whether she has seen Miss Marlow, "Yes, Colonel Baxter, you will find her by the fountain;" and then she begins again with fresh spirit, and some vague and reanimating sense of an audience. The dry knobby fingers rattle on, her bony head nods in time, her skinny kid feet beat upon the pedal with careful attention. It would be difficult to say of what use Georgina's monotonous music is to herself, or to art, or to the world in general; but she does her best, while Felicia by the fountain shrugs her pretty shoulders. Miss Marlow is still sleepily watching the old diplomat and his coffee-pot under the tree, and then her soft, heavy eyes travel on to the end of the terrace, where she can see the line of the mountains. Everything to-day is sleepy, and heaped with shadows and tranquil languor. The blue is kindling beyond the line of crests, the lovely azure flows from peak to peak, from pass and glacier to rocky summit; the sky seems to catch fire as Felicia looks, and a white *something* leaps to

meet it. The bushes about are all in flower, a whole parterre of olive-green and yellow constellations scenting the air. How hot, how still it is! how straight the paths look, just crossed here and there by some faint shadow! One's life seems passed, she thinks, in straggling from shadow into sunshine, and from shadow into sunshine again. Outside the low wall the people go passing—the prim young German ladies with their tight waists, slightly lame from their clumsy high heels; the little fat Englishman, conscious of his puggaree; the Swiss family, in drab, with hand-bags to match, each shaded by a dome of calico. Then Felicia vacantly stares at the shining ball upon its stick, that grows in front of the hotel, and which reflects the sun and the human beings coming and going upon the face of the earth, all gradually curved; and while she is still looking, the figures issue from the ball, they turn into well-known faces and forms; one sits down beside her on the bench, another holds out with both hands a china plate, which breaks into a star. Felicia's little head falls gently back upon a branch of myrtle. She is asleep, and peacefully slumbering in the valley of ease, with a sweet childish face, breathing softly; and Aurelius, black and determined, who has come to reproach her, to insist upon an explanation, stands watching her slumbers for a moment. As he watches, his face softens and melts, and then he walks away very quietly. When Felicia awoke with a start, about an hour later, she found a soft knitted shawl thrown over her. Baxter did not appear again till dinner-time, and during dinner he said nothing particular, looked nothing remarkable. He sat next Felicia, attended to her wants, and talked very pleasantly in the intervals.

The Bracys were bent upon enjoying the various pleasures of the place; and Mr. Bracy, having learned from the head waiter next day that a band played in the gardens of the establishment from four to five, urged his ladies to attend the entertainment. They consented somewhat lazily, for, as I have said, the weather was hot, and exertion seemed unwelcome, but once there, it was pleasant enough. A little breeze came rustling over their heads; the company sat chattering, turning over newspapers, eating ices; the tunes were dinning gayly; cigars were puffing; friends were greeting. Felicia was sitting between Mr. Bracy and Miss Harrow, under the shade of an awning; Mrs. Bracy was taking a turn on Jasper's indigo arm,

and Mr. Bracy had suddenly started up to greet some of his numerous steamboat acquaintances, when somebody came striding over a low iron fence at the back of Felicia's chair, and sat down beside her in Mr. Bracy's vacant place. I need not say that this was Baxter, who had chosen his time, and began at once.

"We can have our talk now, Felicia. You gave me no chance last night. Miss Harrow, would you kindly leave us for a few minutes?" Georgina vanished in discreet alarm, notwithstanding Felicia's imploring glances, and then Baxter went on, very quietly, but with increasing emphasis: "You *must* face the truth, Felicia; you *must* give me my answer. Ask no one else; tell me what you wish from yourself. This much I have a right to ask. I can bear the uncertainty no longer, and I have kept out of your way all to-day on purpose; now you must let me speak plainly. All night long I lay awake wondering what you would decide. I know," he added, "that I am about as bad a match as you could make, but I don't think any one could ever love you better."

She heard his voice break a little as he spoke, and then he waited for the last time in renewed emotion for the answer that was to decide both their fates. He was really not asking too much. As he said, he had a right to an answer. Was it some evil demon that prompted Felicia? She meant to spare him, as she thought, to gain time for herself.

"Why are you always thinking of my money?" she said, reproachfully. "Mrs. Bracy tells me it can all be tied up if I marry; it need not concern you."

Her words somehow jarred upon Baxter; indeed, they jarred upon Felicia herself as she spoke them. He was overwrought, perhaps unreasonable, in his excitement.

"It is you and Mrs. Bracy, not I, who are always thinking about money," he cried. "If you can suspect me of such unworthy motives, you are not the woman I took you for. Felicia, trust me — make no conditions —"

She laid her hand upon his arm to quiet him, but he went on all the more vehemently. "You let their flatteries poison your true self. I will agree to none of their bargains. If you love me, marry me with your heart and with all that you have. If you do not care for me, send me away, and I will certainly trouble you no longer. Oh, Felicia! you should not use me so."

He spoke in a voice which frightened her, with a sort of reproachful despotism

that startled and terrified Miss Marlow far more than he had any idea of it. When she answered, it was to a sudden scraping of fiddles, with which she unconsciously raised her tones.

"I cannot see what you have to complain of," she said, trembling. "If you insist upon only marrying me with my money, I certainly cannot agree to the bargain, as I told Mrs. Bracy. I do not grudge you the money. If you wanted some, I would give you some, but not myself with it. You —"

"Felicia!" He started up, and spoke in a cold, rasping voice. "You need not have insulted me. Good-bye. You have given me my answer. You are ruined by your miserable fortune. My truths don't suit you; their lies please you better. Good-bye; be happy your own way, with the companions you prefer."

"Colonel Baxter!" cried Felicia, starting up too, as he turned. "Don't go; you know you promised to come with us to-morrow."

Aurelius looked her hard in the face with his dark, reproachful eyes. "I could only have come in one way," he said; "that is over forever."

"For — forever," Felicia faltered, dropping back into her chair again, for he was gone. The musicians had ended; the whole place seemed suddenly empty and astir; a crowd seemed to surround her; she thought once that Baxter had returned, but it was only Jasper standing beside her. "I came back to look for you," said he. "Aunt Flora is gone to the hotel. What is this?" and he suddenly stooped and picked up a dirty little bit of yellow rag that was hanging to one of the railings. "See what quality! What exquisite modulations of tone!" cries Jasper, holding his prize up in the air.

"Yes," said Felicia, mechanically, she knew not to what, nor did she look at the precious rag. At the first opportunity she escaped from him, and ran up stairs and along the passage that led to her own room. Once there, she locked the door, still in a sort of maze. She sat stupidly upon the red velvet sofa, staring through the window at the great white Jungfrau, which seemed to stare back at her. What had she done? Had she been wise; had she been acting with sense and judgment and sincerity? There are passes in life where it is scarcely possible to realize very clearly the names of the various impulses by which we are driven. Every moment brings a fresh impression, a fresh aspect of things. Each impression is true, but

partial; each aspect is sincere, but incomplete. Perhaps at such times the only clew is the dim sense of a whole to be completed; the craving for more time, for distance that defines and cancels the less important facts, and reveals the truth. Felicia had followed her impulse and let Aurelius go, though in her heart she would fain have called him back to her again. Baxter had set the estimation of others beyond his own conviction. Instead of thinking only of Felicia, he had thought of his shortcomings; and she, instead of thinking of Baxter, had talked about him to Flora Bracy. It had all been so short that she could scarcely realize it. If her happiness had been vague, her unhappiness was still more intangible. What had these two days brought about? A possibility. Aurelius had reproached her; she had answered angrily; but it was all over. "Forever," he had said. She sat there till the loud dinner-bell began to din through the house, and raps at the door reminded her that Pringle was outside, the others were waiting. Could she bear to tell them? Some feeling in her heart shrank from their comments. She felt that it would be best to try and behave as if nothing had happened. She bathed her aching head, let Pringle smooth her hair, and then hurried down-stairs.

From The Academy.

THE MOTION OF "CIRRUS" CLOUDS.

THE researches of Mr. Clement Ley into this subject are well known, and now we have to notice the appearance of a most important work by Prof. Hildebrandsson, of Upsala, entitled "*Atlas des Mouvements supérieurs de l'Atmosphère*,"

which is published at the expense of the Swedish government, and is copiously illustrated by fifty-two charts. In the discussion the author fairly says that meteorology is still in the first stage of its development as a science, and that what is at present necessary is to determine what are the real facts of air movement before beginning to theorize about them. The paper accordingly contains a most careful digest of the present state of our knowledge of the motion of the air in cyclones and anticyclones, as given by the best recent authorities, and then proceeds to treat the materials for the study of the motions of upper clouds furnished by the observations collected from the various volunteer stations established in different parts of Europe, which are, however, very scanty compared with what is really requisite. He summarizes the final outcome of his labors as follows:—Around a barometrical minimum the air moves along the earth's surface in a spiral path towards the centre, in the direction opposite to watch-hands. At the centre it rises and moves further and further away from the axis the more it ascends. In the upper strata of the atmosphere the air flows away from the region of minimum pressure, and collects itself in a uniform layer above the district of maximum pressure, where it gradually descends to the surface of the ground in order to flow away from the region of highest barometrical readings. These statements are based on the evidence afforded by the charts, and, speaking generally, we find some eight or ten cirrus observations on each chart. The final dictum, however, merits great attention, as it comes from a most painstaking investigator, but it is needless to say that it indicates the necessity of increased efforts to collect observations of cirrus clouds.

A CORRESPONDENT at Waterloo, N. Y., sends us a quotation from *Littell's Living Age*, No. 1741, page 182, where, in an article on Commodore Goodenough, the writer speaks of the ship sailing into port "with yards scandalized and flags at half mast." A ship's yards are "scandalized" when instead of being drawn shipshape they are, as a greenhorn expressed it, "every which way," or as a landsman had it, "all at sixes and sevens." It is a common practice for extreme Catholic nations,

notably the Spanish and Italians, to scandalize (or as the French would say to *dishevel*) the ship's yards when lying in port on Good Friday. The object is to express extreme mourning, as an individual would have done it in the earlier days, with disvelled hair and disordered raiment. The ship puts on a distracted appearance, like an inconsolable mourner plunged in the depth of grief.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.